

GOVERNMENT

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1900

A MEDLEY

Presented to the
Long Island Historical Society,
By
J. CARSON BREVOORT,
of Brooklyn.

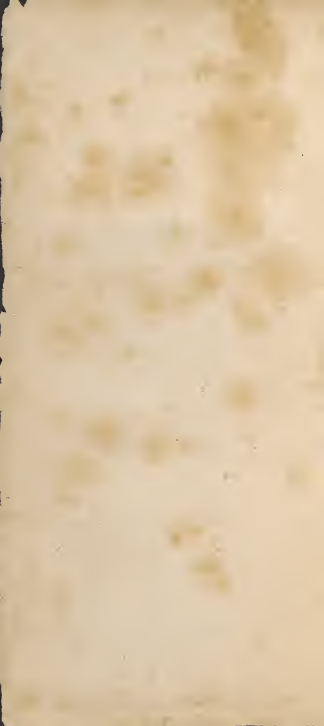
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SEYMOUR DURST



AVERY
DURST



P. ✓
GOTHAM

AND

THE GOTHAMITES,

A MEDLEY.

S. B. L. Judah

HIG.—Come, bring him out, for here we sit in justice ;

Each man take a cudgel, a good cudgel :
And now attend our sentence—that you are rogues,
And mischievous base rascals—there's the point now—
I take it, is confessed.

PRIG.—Deny it, if ye dare, knaves.

BOORS.—We are rogues, sir.

HIG.—To amplify the matter, then ; rogues ye are—
And cudgeled ye shall be, ere we leave ye.

THE BEGGAR'S BUSH.

NEW-YORK :

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD
BY S. KING, 136 WILLIAM-STREET.

1823.

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CLASSICS
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COMMENTARY ON GOTHAM.

BY

CELEBERRIMUS ET DOCTISSIMUS,

TERENTIUS PHLOGOBOMBUS.

SUI LECTORI.

It hath been op'ned by divers wise, learned and laborious craniums, that the present era is the grand climatrix of time, insomuch that it exceedeth all ages heretofore and hereafter, whether the golden, the silver, or the copper age, forasmuch it appeareth by numerous etymological, fundamental and natural authorities, who flourished during the transitory existence of the aforecited epochas, that there was but one separate and solitary ore, that predominated in each of those delectable periods. But most certes, admirable and admired reader, you will neither exacerbate in a critical disquisition, nor hallucinate against

the text, when it is affirmed, without any logical or metaphysical disputation, that we are in nowise confined or held to use any certain or stated coin; yea, multitudinous are the various species of current metals in which this most blessed and highly precious century delighteth. In truth, the time is prolific in both lead, and brass, and vast varieties of feathers, likewise prodigious quantities of wood, the scientific appellation whereof is *stipes*, which interpreteth in the vernacular idiom, '*a block*;' such as that magnanimous and heroic wielder of the *pecten*, Hammond, (z) doth tonsurate and pomanderate, *pro capite*; verity thence

ILLUSTRATION.

(z) The deep read and heavy laden *Juris consultus* is not here insinuated by this appellation of the scientific Terentius, though such error might be facile, as the difference is but immaterial between a father of the city and a father of the comb—they both have the care of vermin; though the fame of the one only reaches to "the world's end," the other goes far beyond, even to the *buck's tail*; and though the *tonsor* only handles the wig, it is apparent how thick a block that of the *Senator Urbanus* covers. Yet there goes a report, *fama narrat*, that the Sachem's brains were of a different feather ere he came from Nova Scotia, and that now he only "wears a *whig*" in disguise.

cometh from its pristine derivation the mellifluous apophthegm 'blockhead,' now such as in our own knowledge the philosophers addeth as a *cognomen*, which meaneth a surname, unto that abstemious, credible, and learned, M. D. (which alphabetical initials sometime signifieth, 'Mad Doctor,' but oftener 'More Dunces,' having arose from the diploma granted by the Skull-kappa-cal Society, in honor of the sound and animal lectures on the feather boxes thence commemorated) Gulielmus C*****n; inasmuch as they affirmeth, in direct, palpable, and irresistable arguments, that convinceth to an indubitable certainty that the said Gulielmus hath grown to an inconceivable height, so that he resembleth a 'Post,' or, as it is classically termed, *medicus circumforaneus*, which hath likewise versimilitude unto a 'mountebank,' and hath taken an oscitancy in his perigrinations, which hath been also named, "an unsteadiness in his gait;" whence cometh an analogical hypothesis, for which there is no metaphysical idiom, but whose fundamental root or derivation in the terms of the unlearned is, "he became top-heavy." Wherefore, on deep, due, and weighty deliberation thereon, by divers very sagacious and prodigiously celebrated fellow practioners, as

this pluvial and frigorific climate produceth; albeit, after mature deliberation, and much secret cryptology, it was irrevocably decided, that the said magnificent and high learned Gulielmus, or Post, was forced to stagger or circumvolve from the ponderosity of what may be distinguished, as aforesaid, a *natural* block; moreover, the above mentioned wise professors gave not their irremediable and undoubted report until numerous brilliant and heavy experiments had been tried by one of their scientific body, who argueth an axiom therefrom, that on account of the wooden thickness of the subject's skull, all endeavours to make an incision thereon, or get at the seat of complaint were nugatory, although in the trial thereof he had superimposed and used the most forcible and effectual instruments, to wit, one that he calleth a *fustis*, (y) or powerful

NOTES.

(y) The word is twisted wrongly, and stands a legislative error of the workmen or writer. The true lash is named by the trade a cowskin, specimens of which, with horse whips, Albany, silver mounted, and Gotham, gilt and liberty to try them on the maker, are always on hand at a

Sharpe Driver's.

endgel, another that he termeth a *lasanum*, (x) but which has no vernacular essence, there being but few appropriate words that giveth a true meaning thereof. But anciently one Alexander Pope, who was reckoned a wit, in a poem whereof he was author, nameth it a Jordan. (w) In our times, however, as I have

(x) Turning to Ainsworth, we find he coincides with us in the pronouncing of this word, and in placing the accent on the antepenultimate syllable; and quotes Horace: but on turning to Petronius, who is a favourite with us, and a copy of whom we always keep by us as a model, we find the word spelt, *losanum*, which would seem to lead to the adoption of the Italian *a*: but happening to open a different edition, we find *lasanum*, with the syllable sounded in its first, long, open manner: thus, *crāzy*, *coāl*, *mān*, *āliās*, *feāther*, *brāined*, *pān*, *ānd*, *stāggering*, *mād*, *āss*,* &c. in confirmation of us and Ainsworth.

Lunar Lucubrations.

(w) I believe the above is not called after the celebrated actress of that name; nor has it reference to the river so named, any more than Booth is equal to Kean, or Kean to Maywood, or my farewell to Lord Byron's.

Crito's Farewell to the Ocean Harp.

* A misprint—read MIDAS—

"Tis sung when Midas' ears began to spring.
(Midas,) a sacred person and my king."

*B*****m's reflections on a Post.*

been credibly informed, there hath been a decree of the orthographical society of Belle Letters of this uprising and wonderful *Urbes Gotham*, the signature of one Gulielmus C****l, the scrivener, thereunto appending, that calleth the above spoken utensil or instrument a H*****n, in commemoration of the aforementioned practioner; who hath been the most celebrated user thereof, though not the first inventor or patentee; who remaineth crepusculous, and hath hid his redoubtable abilities in obscurity, although the fame and profit of his work hath been miraculous. Yet howsoever and moreover, on the above autopsy, the deep-read body of practitioners rambleth in a disputation on the nature and substance of the said Gulielmus' or Post's pericranium; though, on ballot being taken, it was agreed undividedly, and a pragmatic sanction given to the award, that the cause of the aforesaid Gulielmus' or Post's heaviness arose from a too great accumulation of *sap* in the block of the said Gulielmus or Post; which putrescent, no doubt, proceedeth from a too frequent use of the new invented fluid medicine, originally patented and recommended in this highly favoured and luminous hemisphere, by the herein mentioned

1 Gardale

2 Hagerman

mountebank, and which he facetiously nominateth "Rum Jelly," (v) and not as the pre-

REMARKS.

(v) After severely criticising several quarts of this famous liquid, i. e. filtering it through my own thorax or throat, (which, I beg leave to inform my readers, is now perfectly free, as the fear of the halter that threatened me in my own country is entirely removed, for I am in no danger here, as the chief hangman* is equally deserving of exaltation with myself,† and I can always hang to his favour by a puff.) I have found it to be a mere compilation, or adulteration of bad gin, such as is given, (I speak from my own experience,) by the government of Great Britian to her pensioners, or men whose aspiring ambition and remarkable abilities have rendered it a duty from the nation to provide a suitable residence for their talents. I have been an honorable member of that fraternity; I speak of it with pride, for I have seen some of my bosom companions elevated as a glorious spectacle for the envy of the world, and had I still

* The above remark was written, whilst N**h held that respectable station, during which time the gallows had easy times, for the *learned* counsellor himself, has always had a peculiar and singular antipathy to *hemp*.

† Par nobile fratrem—

"While you, poor rogue, swings on the tree,
How many greater walk at liberty."

mise hath been most prejudicially publicated, (u) or in the Latin as written by the lin-

kept my situation, no doubt ere this I would have had that reward which I fully deserve. The gin in question is very much like that which I distil, and therefore, in commemoration of my former residence, I have called it the New Gate nectar. I beg also to mention, that I shall add to its flavour, as I intend to use in the process a *Stone*, since I have found *Birch* a wood of too soft a texture for my purpose. However, in justice to Dr. C*****n, I must add, he keeps the best part of his nostrum to himself; as it is shrewdly whispered that he uses the rum only, and lets the jelly stand.

*H*****n's Enigma's.*

(u) The admirable Terence has here used a word that may put some of our lexicographers to their wits end, that is, the end of their wits—which if they any way resemble our “facetious professor C*****r’s” the Demi-God of Gotham critics, will soon find that goal. From the Professor’s* name while at a distance,

* It may be thought that it is wrong to attack the gentle New Hampshireman thus severely, about such trifles, but we all know the redoubtable Professor has invited battle; but only with the pen. He has said publicly, he did not mind satire, by which he no doubt meant to imitate with a fellow feeling the Ass, who, the more he is beaten by his master the worse he grows. And we all know that

1. Tolman
2. Butler

guists, "*fama discurret tota urbe*," (t) "that,"
I useth the scriptural term of the aforecited

one would be led to suppose that he was an honest, dull, laborious animal, with more learning than sense—a good obedient creature, who would receive either a smile or a kick with the same thankfulness, and but for his intimate acquaintance with "swine," to use his own words, "butchering pigs," he might have been ranked with the long eared brotherhood.* It would no doubt be advisable for him instead of "butchering pigs and strangling chickens," to study plain English, and when he again writes a "Massacre on the river Raisin," it is to be hoped he will give some good *reason* for *massacreing* his native language.

(t) The philosophic Terence uses not an original Latin phrase, in the text referring, but

blows upon a lump of lead can make but slight impression; for Pope truly says:

"No creature smarts so little as a fool"—

and he must certainly have had a *fac simile* of the Professor before him when he wrote,

"That thing of silk,

Sporus, the mere white curd of Ass's milk?

Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?"

* This worthy hath as Prentiss bound unto him, who is in a fair way to become as sweet a chicken as himself.

Pope, to wit, Alexander—"in an unequal contest of an old debauched Cyclops" (I quote literal, for none but certain Goths and Vandals would superimpose or obliterate a true text,) "with the heaven-directed favorite of Minerva." (s) Thereby it signifieth indubitably the intumescent Mordecai, (r) M.N**h, with whom

quotes it from his dictionary, as is the custom of our public writers of the day; but he possesses one advantage over these, he *understands* what he quotes.

(s) The goddess, when she made this admirable election, must have been pushed to want, even, as is the saying, to her "last legs." I beg her ladyship's pardon, but duty bids me state my suspicions of unfair play. No doubt N**h obtained this distinction through the cunning of his parasite H*****n, who learnt a "thing or two" from the Newgate calendar, which he spent some years in studying, and therefore decoyed the goddess to D***e-street, where he made her tipsy with bad gin. So there is no wonder she mistook N**h for a wise man—for she saw double, that is, gave him credit for twice the sense he possesses; and mayhap her ladyship swigged from a *silver* pitcher; at any rate, by this creature, I mean N**h's, braying, one cannot but be forcibly reminded of the fable "An Ass in a Lion's skin."

(r) Though this man, named Mordecai, was not of the righteous, who congregated in the

Houston

sagacity and wisdom hath ever been synonymous, inasmuch, that it hath become sylogistical, also proverbial, and whose *nomen* is "vagabo-

holy synod or convention at Hartford, whereof I was a member, and wrote therefore; yet I guess he has come to our town, for purposes I wont mention; now this I know, for I've a notion he is descended from Mordecai of old, that hanged Haman, for his desires, like that worthy's, are entirely bent towards the gallows.

*D****l's Canticles.* 1

I suspect the foregoing to be one of the soundest* articles ever penned by the learned writer; at least, it is the shortest, and most to the purpose; for it is usual, his paragraphs are of so soporific nature that they will sooner put a reader to sleep, than the longest of
 2 M*****r's sermons, or G*****n's speeches. 3
 4 C*****n, M. D. (as explained in the text,) it would be found greatly to benefit the public safety, for when the scull cap failed, I think the perusal of a column of the Daily Adv*****r could be tended with advantage; for, if the hy-

* This means, no doubt, referring to this editor's general writings, in the words of Shakespeare, that they are like

A tale told by an idiot, full of *sound* and fury,
 Signifying *nothing*.

1 Dwight
 2 Milldollar
 3 Griffin
 4 Coleman

nizing," (as his body hath done heretofore,)(q) by the appellation of 'Pan,' though said significant indicateth not any culinary utensil, which soundeth similar, but expresth a certain ancient, whom they representeth as being in body, half man and half goat, having large

drophobia has any thing of a wakeful turn in it, I'd warrant a cure from one dose of D****t's quill. I have little doubt if another war should happen, but the nation would find it a saving, instead of bullets, to use against the enemy the leaden pages of the Hartford Secretary. It would be indeed surprising, if, after one volley of such heavy ammunition, any of the foe should be otherwise than dead—*asleep*. It is, however, not meant to take away all merit from our sturdy editor by the above.—It is well known where his real talent is—he fully possesses

"That *low* cunning which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave."

(q) This pointeth indubitably unto divers multitudinous reams of orthodox foolscap, ('yclept travels,) of which I had understood there was somewhat of a circulation peradventure I findeth I mistake thereof, inasmuch as *maxima pars* of the impression remaineth on the author's hands, numerous of which he hath bound in congenial calf skin for *his own* particular use.

T. P.

Being 41-

goat's horns, and a garland of poppies on his head, and moreover an eternal smile upon his vacant face, which simper is evidently typical of the emptiness of his cranium. The skin or pelt of the above cited Deity looketh of a motley colour, thereby denoteth his honesty is but of mixed nature; (p)he pretendeth much to

(p) The following will no doubt, be found a true character of this important (in his own idea) personage. However severe, it is still just; for it is written by one, who hath long taken due note of his actions, and mine is not the pen that—

“ Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie.

A lash like mine, no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his
stead.”

For this is a smirking, wriggling, smiling *thing*, that envy hath long made her prey, and whom even the laurel obtained by a friend, sickens and leads him to the vilest ends, to damn the worth and merit he cannot equal. If meanness e'er had its image upon earth, it must be him, for by his actions, it appears that whatever he does, however *base*, is to him of little moment—if he escapes hanging; dead to shame, feeling and even to remorse, he never blushes 'cept when *unawares*, he blunders upon a virtue.* The most noxious

* Let not thy left know what thy right hand doth, saith the scripture ; but instead of the

the graces and the arts, and had the audacity to contend in music with Apollo, by which he

and dirty insect, that is gendered 'mid filth, is oftentimes decorated with the most brilliant and pied colours, and so it is with him; for he can "smile and smile," and win the wooden-headed multitude, for there is none that even hath pretensions to sense, but would sicken to list this magpie; for, not content with rivaling his favourite, the elephant, in countenance and *brains*, he hath ever at command a "flood of chit chat," which so strongly tests its source, that we are forced to cry out in the words of the proverbs, "the monkey chattereth more than other beasts;" "an empty barrel maketh the loudest noise," and much doth this *nothing*, for I know not what to name it—as ass, fool, owl, blockhead or elephant, are all superior beings to this very essence of impudence, who, though the jest and laughter of his companions are round him, stands like *Codrus*, "unshook amid a *bursting* world"—hold unto the old saying, which states, "if thou dost not praise thyself, none other will," and the *vain boy's* a critic too—good lord! what

left hand, he readeth the world, when he doeth his charities.

L. Compeigne de Veil.

—My secret deeds shall die in night,
And I become a Proteus, to gain the people's
Hearts—though I deceive my nature.

Old Play.

was disgraced and punished with Ass's ears. He is only worshiped by Satyrs and Baccha-

nature merely designed a fool, vanity hath made an ass; and *it* can prate too, of genius, of taste, of acting and of plays; but ah! poor jay, the peacock's feathers sit but ill upon thee; and it can also discourse of science and dramatic writing, and example—

—— “them by *its* own—

Which though of wondrous merit are but little known’—

for only when his scribblings are given away, the tasteless vulgar will read them, and then it is but seldom they get to the ‘*finis*’ without some dreadful misfortune: such happened to many in the perusal of the ‘*G**cian Captive, or the Fall of Athens*,’ they were certainly captivated with the author, for they “fell in the arms of Somnus.” Alas! poor knave, I pity thee. Why dost thou not take thy friends’ advice, and go unto some *honest* calling? a shoemaker? an *image* seller were better for thee, than dabbling in this stale track of pens and ink. The world hath not been unkind to thee; thou hast some of of her jewels gathered in thy bonnet. Thou canst lie mightily; that may befit thee for a taylor. Beseech thy crony, General† Snip, I

† I was forced to exclude the surname of this worthy, on account of some doubts concerning its orthography, it is in general began with an *M.*; though I think it would be much more appropriate, and present a truer idea of

Mapes

nals, or gin distillers. In all of these he beareth an immense similitude unto the heretofore

mean the Jonas of W*ll-street, him of the shears and the bank, to instruct thee in this trade. Out on it, I do but waste advice ; the scrawler hath no shame, he will go on—

“The creature’s at his dirty work again,”

and the trade hath lost an excellent journeyman, and the muse gained but a sorry jade and stumbling donkey.

the little *goose’s* military appearance, if the *M.* and the concluding *s* were both dropped. Still it must be allowed that the first appellation of this *mushroom* soldier, Jonah, is much to the point, for he had sprung up so suddenly from the dirt, like his namesake’s gourd, that the character of a gentleman suits him but awkwardly. I hope there will be nothing in this remark found disrespectful to the noble personage, as we have a high opinion of his capacity, ever since we heard of his gallant exploits in the course of the late war ; in an alarm, during which, we understood, his ardour was so great and uncontrollable, that not finding his sword at hand, he rushed on the battery, armed with his shears, determined to *cut* the foe in *pieces* ; but this incident did not turn out so much to the disadvantage of the enthusiastic warrior, as may be supposed, for so sensible were the venerable seignors of our city, of the glory gained by their grave brother, that they, with-

spoken Mordecai M. N**h. But let us retrograde, that sayeth we recede unto our treatise: now, it goeth on to exemplify that he “after quietly(o) bearing all the Cyclops’ obscene and

(o) How much in their squabbles do these insects remind us of Pope’s familiar toads, that,

“Half froth, half venom, spit themselves
abroad,

In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,

Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.”

out hesitation, voted him a wreath of laurels; but this kind of vegetable being scarce, and dear to purchase, the reverend body with that economy, for which they have *ever*† been distinguished, immediately substituted a wreath of *cabbage* leaves, which coronal the smug demagogue continues to wear ever since, so that to this day, his upper story presents to the spectator, as full bloom a cabbage head as perhaps can be found in Gotham.

† But it is in justice that we should state, that this care is neither of a miserly or ungenerous nature, for our present members, with a liberality which distinguishes them, have declared, that, as it concerns the welfare of the community that they should eat public dinners, that they will have them at their own expense, *as soon* as the public purse is empty—but not till then; though such is not

Locate

impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead," informing that the weight of said brand forceth the heretofore mentioned Gulielmus or Post, to circumvolve as above stated; but it goeth not on to tell whether the brand or mark was of the metals, brass or lead. Perhaps thinking such information supernumerary, there being clear palpable, and irrefragible knowledge, that the said Gulielmus hath prodigious quantities of bronze infused

improbable, as we understand the juice of the grape alone, at a late *jollification* cost the city 200 good dollars. Perhaps it may seem out of belief, that so few, and such abstemious divines, could stow away so many quarter casks at one setting. But on a little reflection, and a near view of the goodly personages concerned, all doubt will fly, unless it should be thought that the noble paunches of certain gentlemen, are like the petticoats of a French smuggler, and only used to carry away a bottle or so for *private* trial, should the first mentioned expedient *ever* come in play; we hear that the head of the honorable *junto*, with his accustomed generosity, has proposed to supply them with *duck*, weekly, and—enough, I handle edged tools—

“Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile.”

in his animal composition. Now, from this digression, it wanteth not a proposition to render apparent, that the present era is reducible indisputably, to the appellation indiscriminately of the wooden headed, the brazen faced, or the leaden brained age. Therefore, moreover, it behooveth us to mention, that the epoch produceth divers, various, prodigious, and marvellously wonderous and brilliant luminaries, the report of whom hath been tremendously glorious, so that it hath, high respected and right valuable peruser, overshadowed and eclipsed the luminous beams of the shining Phœbus or Sol, or, as it is otherwise and sometimes by the vulgar termed, the sun,⁽ⁿ⁾ and whose reputa-

(n) I refraineth from any obtruse or elongated investigation of the luminary here above discoursed on, as they reporteth that my very respected and high informed brethren, Drs. M*****ll and C*****n, have taken the matter into their peculiar consideration, and they intendeth to publish a celestial argument on the planetary system; in the primal discourse thereof, the latter mentioned physician meaneth to soliloquize upon the powerful effects of the moon, which, doubtless he possesses the knowledge of, as he, of late, confineth his attention so undividedly unto that orb, that it hath been somewhat a matter of thought unto the unscientific, whether or no, his

1 Mitchell
2 Flinton

tion likewise transmiteth itself like the scattered particles of a bursted bomb to each of the several quarters of this terrestrial atmosphere, and the coruscations of whose explosions of literature and other sciences, have formed a halo of meteors, even to a paraselene. For what a century was capable of bringing forth, two such pyramids of science as the celeberrimus Doctor M*****ll, and the ingenious Abraham Cox; the one the testaceous leviathan of his species, and author of Piscatory Pastorals, in recommendation of whales and sea

brains or intellectual faculties were not on a journey of discovery unto that sphere. But I taketh on myself, out of a friendly kindness, to inform such diviners and speculators, that, however *a presenti* his mind exalteth itself highly, yet, howsoever, from the declination of his *caput* in his perambulating, indubitably he thinketh *lowly* of hereafter; Moreover, he intendeth, in the said theorem to disquisite upon dead pole cats, and North river fishing poles, while his learned cotemporary, the former named, holdeth forth upon the sun, likening it unto himself, and taking its circumference, and then concludeth with a dissertation on a sheepshead, which having found greatly *like his own*, he endeavoureth to give unto it somewhat of a learned appellative and scientific property.

T. P.

Mitchell

serpents ; the other, the inventor of patent coat scouring, and writer of poetical eclogues in his own praise. Is not this era prolific? Have we not in physic, two skulls of medicine that time equaleth not ; H****k and Carver, the former healeth the man, the latter, the horse. We outdoeth the Centaurs of old by A***n(m) and Purdy. Roman or Grecian, ancient or modern history boasteth not such warriors as the fiery Curtis, the terror of dogs and butchers, and the bear like S***** P***e, (1) the dread of scene shifters and can-

nic

(m) The deepread Terentius, appears, here, to have been led into an error by the title of this worthy, although it cannot but be allowed, that both these shining and illustrious characters are great ornaments to the age they live in ; yet their talents are of a far different nature : without doubt, the latter is the superior, for the first is little better than a *lame duck* in most matters, but he crowds too much *canvass* for us to overtake him with the shafts of satire ; though even in the duty of a *Mayor* it is a question whether or not the latter hath not the most knowledge.

(1) The exalted character whom this refers to, is celebrated for the suavity and exceeding gentleness of his manners and disposition. Conscious of his superior qualifications, wherever he turns he forces all opinions of taste, actors or music to bow to him.

dle snuffers; peradventure, Roscius is himself outdone by the all-natural M*****d, and

And talking himself into a little god,
 He rules theatric empires with a nod.
 Who would think, to hear him laws dispense,
 That he so much wanted one thing—*common sense*?

But it should be allowed that this person possesses one extraordinary talent, that is *self* importance; though he has in that path a formidable rival to contend with, no less than Master Mattie, one of his own doorkeepers, who details "Master Stephen's" graces, with wonderful exactness, and often improvements. Perhaps the gentle manager may become "exceeding wroth" at the above comparison, and might call us—"in the park." We are prepared for all hazards, "for truths like these will none offend whom it is praise to please," and while we can "prick a slave," as honest Ben hath it, "that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his palate, and will swill up more sack at a sitting than would make all the guard a posset," we care not how our bones ache for it. But 'gallant Steph' is of a compassionate humour; as was truly shown by him after a late misfortune, whereat he almost wept at the loss of some—*ripe Madeira*.

2 We hope manager P***e will take a hint we are about to give him in good part, as it will tend much to his advantage, and be the means of saving him considerable expense. It is, when next he intends introducing the elephant

1 Maywood
 2 Pike

the all melting Went; (k) the first excelleth in voice the latter in figure; what receptacles

on the boards, that he will undertake that part himself; as we feel assured, that nature has admirably fitted him for the character, and the audience would feel much more gratified at his enacting than the beast's himself; though it is doubtful whether Stephen or the elephant would evince the most sagacity. But on further cogitation on this subject, we do not think the part is so well adapted to him physically as the character of *Bruin*; we have seen some broken rehearsals of this *dramatis persona*, and we have little dread of his success; but from the specimen, in case he plays, we advise the audience not to allow his appearance unless well muzzled, and then to keep the distance of his chain: for though his teeth may be prevented from doing an injury, there is still danger to be dreaded from his *claws*.

(k) We were unable to avoid giving *vent* to a hit at the above named promising youth, who rivals the celebrated Oliff in Lord Burleigh, and "most forcible feeble."—But though his figure is somewhat of the lank, let him not despair, for his straight spindles may bear him to as high a calling as those "exquisite born;" and sure he'd not be the first who reversed the plan of nature, and trod the stage a gentleman. Who would believe, to see a certain person's, (I mean S*****n) airs and graces that time was—but his looks test his education. How laughable it is to see him in a favourite part, aping the feelings of a manly soul,

1 Simpson.

/ of science, what retirements of learning, what lyceum of natural curiosities, boasteth such professors as the eloquent Mc V****r and the learned Brown; (j) moreover the crown

while his honest features belie his tongue—with scarce a single comic power endued, his trans-atlantic trips are of some importance, for he returns to use a mere monkey's arts; ever in extremes, he twists, twines, tortures every limb, or standing still, awkward, embarrassed, and stiff, he seems as if he was afraid his *well formed* calf was about to leave its fellow in the lurch. At times one would think him as lifeless as the scimeter he delights to handle, though so awkwardly that the spectator fears more for him than his foe; at others he tears the passion into rags; and to hear his voice, you would still believe he was practising as call boy; yet withal he is blessed with that matchless intrepidity of face, that it will readily be thought he wants no colouring of *Bronze** to shine in *Brass.**

(j) The former of these characters is an exceeding fine gentleman; whose talents in his own opinion are of the first order—but alas! this is a wicked and blind world, or it

*Two *Brazen†* fellows, the first in "Wives as they were," the other in the "City Wives, Confederacy."

† Recruiting Officer.

McVicker

of Cicero hath been won, Demosthenes sleepeth not, nor is his art in crepuscle, for we have

would not let the learned Professor's name lie thus in obscurity against all his efforts, but we all know, to use his own language, that (applying it to himself)

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

So it is with Mc V****r, although he has wrote a book, and become a biogragher—but

"Quis leget hæc? Nemo, Hercule, nemo."

So says *Perrius*, and so ask we? stick to thy *alma mater*, lest thou be found to have less sense than an indulgent world hath attributed thee, thou child of prudent dulness! What didst thou presume, because with classic readings thou hast stored thy empty skull, and gained learning without sense, that we would bear thy stupidity; what could induce thee to publish thy own lack of brains? If thou hadst the atom of a mind, thou wouldst have perceived, thy greatest praise had been to live *unknown*; ignorance was thy mantle, obscurity thy only shield. The last named gentleman, to whom this note hath reference, is one too celebrated for us to add even the shadow of a laurel to; Terentius, who, though very scientific, is sometimes in error, should have placed Master Brown in fellowship with

him interchangeably from the mellifluous lips of Jacob Barker, Parson Van Veltzen and the melodious youth H***e's, (i) (*subabsurde*

2 3

his brother managers, P***e or S*****n, or with that exquisite dramatist, M. M. N**h; for Master Brown is a writer of no mean note—and he possesses one qualification above his cotemporaries, and which we advise them to pay attention to, (we mean N**h and Mc' V***r,) that though he writes, he never publishes. It is adviseable for these gents, when *the thermometer is below 85, and their olfactory nerves* will allow it, that they make a few visits of improvement to Master B's; for doubtless vanity like theirs will never fail, while "fortune makes folly her peculiar care."

(i) This ingenious young man is well known at ward meetings, and political porter houses, where he often holds forth in a strain of more energy than sense, and more length than argument; he hath for some ponderous dedactics, a pretty newspaper fame also, shrewdly suspected to be trumped up by the godly Master S***e, (who we shall peck at by and by;) but H***e's is "a man well parted, a sufficient scholar, a very Jacob's staff of compliment, of presence good enough, but so palpably affected to his own praise, that (for want of flatterers) he commends himself to the floutage of his own family." He is much of a mathematician also, and hath spun from his brain a goodly quarto on the penitentiary

1 Haines 5 McKicker
2 Price 6 Stone
3 Simpson
4 Hook

'ycleped colonel.) Now even in these times we departeth not from the glory of Longinus. The acme of critical judgment existeth in the invaluable caput of little Wiley, (h) in the

system, on which subject he discourses with such mighty exactness, that one is tempted to believe, that he has been more than intimately acquainted with that *kind* of dwelling houses, or at any rate one cannot but help thinking that 12 months residence for him within one of them would be attended with peculiar advantages to his plans of improvement; though it must be confessed we feel somewhat of a dread lest such visit should *not* be attended with much improvement to the *old* residents.

(h) It appears to us that Terentius has placed this insignificant creature in much better company than he deserves; yet as he is here it behooves us to give a small explanation, though the character is scarce worth time, ink or paper. The fellow is the conceited *Curl†* of the time, and the very *Dennist†* of W*ll street; a grub, whose greatest want is understanding. His head bears somewhat of a resemblance to one of his own octavos; being equally as thick, but only filled with blank

† Two heroes of the *Dunciad*, the first a bookseller, and the latter a critic.

somniferous pages of Gardner's Repository
(g) in the words of the facetious Master

leaves, though doubtless there is plenty of room for *matter*, yet he has ever found the *impression* in vain ; he, therefore, well knowing the effect of a good *cover*, has been bound in superior *calf* and gilt lettered, with the words of Cicero as a title, *stultorum plena sunt omnia* and he now forms a pocket volume to *Spy Gardner's* memorandums.

(g) This is the very sink of dullness ; the receptacle and repository of puffing, and therefore *repuffed* by Masters S****e and C****r. The editor (we had better said director) is a silly, honest, smiling, thick headed sort of a soldier, possessed with the *cacoenthes scribendi* and would be *Jeffrey* of America, but he, alas! hath to say, in the words of Jonson, he "had as lieve as an angel he could swear as well as that gentleman." In verity he is one that hath more reading than wit, and is somewhat like "a wooden foil, fit only to be played with." If this military quarterly scribbler's sword is as dull and badly wielded as his pen, we fear his country will not gain much honour, or the foe hurt, from his hands. It is really ludicrous to see how many hopeful imitators and execrable critical magazines of the Edinburg race, has sprung up among us—they seem to come

1 Stone
2 Gyoper

S***e, (f) in the lucubrations of the mighty

"Like snakes in heat of summer, out of dung;
And this all that these cheap times are good
for."

But of all the poaching crowd of amusing literary vagabonds, we think one H*ll of Philadelphia, may bear away the palm; he is the Pitholeon* of our native scrawlers, a chap so enamoured of the name of author, that he is continually thrusting himself before the public on one pretence or another—who, though sick of hearing of him, are forced to bear with his impertinence, because he has a brother, a bookseller; for we scarce think that any other would publish for him, not but what he puts his commas and periods in their right places, and perhaps may be correct in grammar, but alas! his sentences are wanting in every other requisite. It is a pity that when the publishing mania is on him, he does not take care to give his readers a glossary to his works, it might save them much trouble of fruitless endeavours to comprehend, and perhaps cause numberless articles the "true

(f) Master S***e is what Dominie Sampson says of Pleydell, "an exceedingly learned

*The name of a *foolish* poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*; therefore the designation is just for the *learned* biographer of Anacreon.

10 Times

/ stripling, M*****l, (e) and above all, in the

echoes of the author's mind," to be read, which now are passed over by the unfortunate peruser, as being without meaning. Blessed with a greater share of confidence than is generally allowed mankind, we find him printing by the wholesale, discourses upon religion, law, science and politics, without the slightest knowledge of either of his subjects, so that he handles these matters much like the monkey did the razor, to his own hurt. In short, his literary conduct bears great resemblance to the fool, who being in company, tried to appear as a wise man, though every endeavour served but to show his barrenness; H*ll, we understand has been brought up to the bar, therefore experience hath taught this Lay preacher of nonsense, how to shun the bar of justice for his capital crimes, not only against common sense, but good manners; for straining from his sterile brain a 'Portfolio,' the lazeretto of insipidity. That he hath escaped the lash of the world thus long is to be wondered at, but may be—

"The reason is not that the world wants eyes;
But *he is so mean*, they see and they despise."

The remark of Count de Stroganoff, the gentleman, and withal very facetious," he is likewise puff general of all native authors;

(e) This *consumptive* young gentleman, is

1 *Tr. Maxwell*

2 *Hall*

abdomen insatiable of the gallant Alderman

President of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, appears to us to be very applicable to most of our conceited and literary editors of magazines and daily prints, "*delivrez nous grand Dieu de ces amateurs sans amour, de ces connoisseurs sans connoissance.*"

especially those from the shop, and recommended by critic Wiley, the *bibliopola*. Of course, for such services he is presented with a copy or so gratis; and certainly he has many claims on the public as a critic, but more so as a *naturalist*, *vide* his trip to the land of steady habits. However, though a Stone by name, and a Stone by nature, (meaning thereby particularly his brains, which are rather of a *stony* substance,) he hath made out to *pass*, thus far in life, as a sensible personage, except to a few of the 'knowing ones,' who have found him out; but we know him a man of general philanthropy, except to mosquitoes, particularly when they are "large and fat;" but their stings must be of a sharper nature than a satirist, to peirce through a stone. We think professor Silliman had better write a Thesis upon the subject, and (without meaning any offence to that learned and indefatigable gentleman,) it would not be the first time he has

the author of sundry ingenious essays upon literature, politics, theatricals, &c. &c. under the signature of Patronus, Thespis, alias

L*****e. Moreover Apelles and Raphael
flieth from the memory of the bipedial spe-

been sedulously employed upon arguments
of as great importance; but this we can in-
form Master S***e, without any assistance
from the Professor just named, that though
stones do not grow—dirt does, or Master S.
would never have risen from ‘calling obscure’
to his present situation.

Puffdirect, &c. &c. He is a great dealer in
virtu, and personage of considerable taste, as
we are informed by McIntire that he can
demolish more than one beef steak at a sitting.
Though there has been an opinion abroad, that
his head was none of the hardest, yet we
never had an idea before that, like Alderman
Guzzle’s, “his brains were in his belly.”

But ere we conclude this remark, let us
mention in justice to ourselves, that we should
have let such characters as these to rest and rot
on their native dunghills, did not public good
require their being dragged before the public
eye, and shown what they really are,

“A mothey group—a party coloured pack,
Of knave and fool—of quidnunck and of
quack,

* * * * *

A cunning kind of fetch and carry fools
‘The scum of taste that bubbles up in schools.’”

But opposed to this, remember, we say with
Pope—

1. Lawrence
2. Stone

cies; for we have greater than these; we rejoice
eth in T*****ll, (d) the *sun*, and Browerre,

“Curst be the verse—how well so e’er it
flow,

That tends to make one worthy man our foe,
Give virtue scandal—Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft eye’d virgin steal a tear.”

(d). Q. It is inconceivable to me how the
exemplary Terentius has been induced to liken
this son of the pallet to the noble orb in the
text mentioned?—

A. Surely you cannot be so ignorant, of this
distinguished person’s liberality, generosity
and proficiency in the graphic art as your que-
ry implies! why this is he that struts amid
the gentleman of the brush, like the lion in
the assembly of jackasses, eliciting their awe
and admiration.

Q. Truly, friend, thou mistakest!

A. No—his liberality was evinced by his
condescension in deigning to paint for his coun-
try, four pictures at ten thousand dollars a
peice; and that they might be exhibited for
more gains, he took possession of the Academy
Room by virtue of his Presidency, and al-
lowed students and artists *free* entrance, by
paying at the door.

Q. But his paintings were great?

A. Why, yes in comparison with Brow-
erre’s; stiff, flat, glued to the canvass, good
in intention, but awkward in execution; his

9 *Frumbull*

(c) the father of painting. Also we lacketh not connoisseurs or men of taste; for there is

figures put one in mind of the Chinese philosophers, who have their attention so fixed upon higher objects, that they cannot bestow a *look* upon that passing before them.* In short, they have the meagre aspect and important air of the limner himself, whose sage mein and venerable form would make a *Plato* and a *West* conjoined. But alas! all his *wisdom* centers in his *looks*.

(c) This character, who is also a votary of the pencil, is said by N**h to be superior to every Painter of the time; and it is allowed that he can outpaint them at least by 50 square yards per diem; this admirable and surpassing talent, has called forth the repeated encomiums of Masters C*****n and S***e, 2 who, being editors of newspapers, are of course men of judgment on all subjects, or at any rate they endeavour to make us believe so, though the only specimen that we remember to have been attributed to the former, to give a claim to that title, is that he is no friend to predestinarians or Walkers, ever since his famous and masterly *walk* backward by some named retreat into a certain cranberry basket; by which warlike feat, however, it is believed he received but trifling injury,

*For instance, Col. Morgan in the surrender of Burgoyne.

1. Col. Morgan
2. Burgoyne

Saunders, (b) Paff and W**ks, and the honourable members of the learned turtle club at

considering the part that came in contact, was of a softer nature than his cranium. As to that of the last named worthy, for aught we know, a *fellow* feeling may allow him to give a just fiat on the quality of the manure, and especially the geese of Judge Quincy.* Also there is no doubt his friendly predilection to the dingy coloured sons of the buskin, has increased his own and their reputation; but as we have before said, his pebbly brains bear too great a likeness to his name, to take his judgment on any thing of greater consequence; but we must have some "more talk with this same learned Theban," for indeed he is a pretty youth and lacking six feet—

"True natural greatness must consist in height."

And presuming on it he has a word to say on every subject. At every opportunity he unloads his dullness, while poor L**g feels the venom of his quill. Unlearned, yet still a witling, he proves himself by syllogism, a fool.

(b) This amateur, connoisseur, hair cutter, or whatever he may designate himself, is well

*Vid. "The Portfolio of a *gentleman*," to which splendid title we have heard but one objection, (which was general) that the last word was inadmissible.

1. *Wicks*

2. *Lang*

XXXVIII COMMENTARY ON

Hoboken. Though Homer doth not sing in these times, we wanteth not his notes, while we listeth the epics of C****r, N**h and Jose Bonfanti.(a) Oh, melodious trio, sons of Marsyas--children of the muses--triple stars of poesy--invulnerable brethren--well may ye

Laughed at by all, and vain of himself, he writes ribaldry for sense, and folly for wit. The flippant coxcomb, with the vanity inherent in the whole race of blockheads filled, still keeps his way. Ever warring with modesty, and confident in himself, where he is most despised, he believes himself admired ; oh ! happy ignorance that makes an owl wonder at its own music.

known to the *petit maitres* of the day and from the public voice, doubtless, though he may never have been in *royal* company, yet without fear he may keep the company in the text ; for what difference can there be between him who dealt in *shavings* or him who *shaves*, and besides there is a greater resemblance.

3 W**ks travelled to *plane* the *ruffage* and *reform* his cranium ; Saunders travelled with more philanthropy to *reform* those of others.

(a) Vide the *ultra*, poetical advertisements of this personage ; which may be, with a slight preference, put in comparison with "Said Roscoe the brave to Scylla the fair" of N**h.

1. G. T. H.

2. D. W. H.

3. W. R. H.

shine, for your armours are of the brightest brass; your helmets of the heaviest lead; and ye are known throughout this *magna terra* by your banners; just emblems of your mighty selves. The first beareth a New-Hampshire ass, led by a political or Clintonian halter; the *secundus* weareth an *image* of a two years[†] calf, that hideth itself in

and the corruscations of the "booming"* Poet, his other companion in the text above; but it is well known that what these gentlemen want in talent, they possess in officiousness, and they both seem determined to show that sense is not required to make a critic.

† This expression, may perhaps hint at the term of office held by this dignitary. Nevertheless, we hear, he hath been appointed to a greater, bearing the titles of General; also, Patriarch of Grand Island; yet it hath been shrewdly whispered, that there was as much substance in the one, as the other. No; it seems nought can rescue you, poor luckless wight, from thy sad fate, still art thou doomed from out thy brainless head to spin forth libels on grammar and learning. Thou tiny witling of these scribbling times, famed for scurrility,

*A pathetic and comprehensive word often used in the poems of one C****r, christened Nchemiah.

Carton

the skin of a snarling and half starved puppy ; the *tertius* or latter, showeth a grinning, and unshaved monkey. Likewise ere I concludeth my digression, it behooveth me to state, that the century hath also many characters that *shineth* magnificently. There is Lee, J****s (zz) and H****n ; (yy)

write on, since it must be so. Though burnt his journals, and damned his dramas, still unshamed the hireling scrawler stands, for bread inspires his politics and pen alone.

(zz) This gentleman of merry fame, is one of those sad incongruities, that we often meet and see, but to lament over, talent hiding itself behind the mask of folly. His endeavours are, to gain celebrity by every means 'cept those, which are most in his power. He deserts the profession of an Angelo, and Corregio, to become a buffoon and imitator of cats. We have learnt, that recently, he he amused our good citizens with a display of himself, drawn in a car, by two young dogs of remarkable *size*. However, we have little hesitation in stating, that in the opinion of most of the spectators, the *greatest puppy* sat behind.

(yy) A traveller, in speaking of our judicial government says, "that too often our benches are filled with judges too illiterate, even to set as jurymen ;" and if the station held by the person in question, is respectable enough to be entitled a judge, his well

also thereunto may be adjoined, W****r (xx) /
and Hunt. Moreover, some reckoneth

known character will give a sanction to the quotation; but unfortunately for the honour of the city, ignorance is not his worst quality. However it may be all for the best, for it has been wrote, that "he who deals with rogues, should be one himself," for his own knowledge of iniquity will serve him to find out others—and we feel inclined to think, that it would be neither disgrace or dishonour to the community, was Mass H****n to change places with almost any of the poor devils, whose mittimus he signs, and we are confident, that the seat of power would be as ably, or at least as *honestly* filled. How applicable to our note, is the following Tyburn catch.

" To Newgate's gone my darling,
To Newgate's gone my dear,
And the cruel judge that sent him
My prayers would'nt hear.

My love has gone to bridewell,
For stealing o' some gin,
But the judge that sent him thither,
Was a greater rouge than him."
'Tantarara, rouges all.'

(xx) W****r is a chip of the same block, /
with the subject of our last illustration;
but what could be expected from a refugee
serjeant, even, though grown into a purse-

Trainer

V*****n (ww) and Dr. F*****s, (uu) who indubitably showeth themselves persons

proud cit, and bedubbed a colonel. "We have fallen on evil times." We have generals taylors and colonels, who never smelt powder except when it it fell from their heads.

(ww) We have but a friendly piece of advice to give this promising youth, that, since there has great fears gone abroad, that his too severe application to the study of the arduous art to which he has devoted himself, will, in the end, weaken his constitution, and hurt his health; now we have taken on ourselves, to recommend to his particular consideration, that, for a while, he shall break through his abstemious mode of life, and to strengthen his frame, imbibe daily a *reasonable* quantity of strong beer. Doubtless the young man will find the word *reasonable*, objectionble; but we can assure him, that such an arrangement, will allow him plenty of time to *take spirits*, if not to paint with them.

(uu) This sapient prig, and erudite Galen, is a close imitator of the sagacious Doctor H****k, and as his mimic is one of the literati, also a pretender to taste; but he wants the ingenious F. R. S's. happy method of intrenching his ignorance with gravity; for though F*****s wears those venerable, and talent inspiring luminaries, called spectacles, yet, in the words of Burns, he is too much given to 'clishmaclaver;' silence would be

1. ...
2. ...
3. ...

of many extraordinary, and numerous brilliant qualities; all whom hath in his separate philanthropic devotions, raised the fame of medicine, painting, thief catching, and black-

his security for empty words do but betray a want of wit. We hope, this son of the pestle will have sense enough to take this hint, and if he wishes his wisdom to become celebrated, he will do well to pay more attention to the friendly admonition, contained in the proverb, 'a still tongue shows a wise head,' and say—nothing. But ere we conclude, we willingly allow, that this philosophical gentleman possesses the true way of making himself known, not by his skill in the art of Boerhave, but by a certain print, or etching, which has been for some time exhibiting in divers printshop windows to the astonishment of the vulgar. It is a *kean* touch, and represents the worthy child of medicine to the life, even the solemn suit of black, shows its respectable hue, making apparent the only remarkable difference between it and ass's skin. These are indeed plenteous times; for Doctors have taken the places of highwaymen, heaven knows we have too many quacks in the city, and have had enough of Quack**bos.*

* Bos is, Latinice, an ox, though we must confess it is the first time we have seen it applied to a calf.

*Quack**bos*

ing to the most eminent state of perfection. As the ancient and divine Horatius warbleth, so I singeth their glorious praise, peradventure diminutive, inasmuch, as they have had their eulogiums from the honeyed tongues of Rudolph B****r, (vv) Master

(vv) This eloquent character has attained a fadeless portion of fame, at the grog shop 'yclept Tammany, and we know of no Æschines, who would dispute his title of being dubbed the Demosthenes of his day, except it be master Hyer,* who dubitably spouts more words, than he sells liquor. But we believe a small superiority must be allowed to B****r; for he can 'talk, oh ye Gods, how he can talk!' or in the words of that great hero Hudibrass,

——“His mouth he cannot ope
But straightway out there flows at rope.”

Yes, Rudolph, thou possesseth powers greater than even Tully; none slumber

* This logician is bar keeper of St. Tammany, and we understand, has been called, together with B****r, and a certain limb of the law denominated P***e, “the whiskey punch orators,” by which it will be perceived, that their oratory is only in perfection, when handling words over that inspiring beverage in a tavern.

1. Burr

2. Mr. Rice

Hyer, and Sachem Mooney, men whose good words beareth reputation; forasmuch, as their discourses are multitudinous, their elocution is lofty. Moreover the world oweth much to them; by their eloquence C*****n falleth. They have to him, been the fabled Hydra, so much as though they carrieth but one head to each, however, the integuments of that one, equaleth the fifty of the serpent's in *thickness*. Now, therefore, I herein divineth, that sufficient arguments have been given, of resistless and unanswerable tenor, to prove my several positions; likewise it fully dependeth on me to proceed unto my investigation wherefore the poetical thesis of Gotham was produced. Certes, the times being, as I heretofore relateth, it came into the minds, or ideas of certain and nameless wits, whose synonymal

when thou speakest; for thou has discretion to know, that the louder thou strainest thy lungs, and harsher the peals of vocal thunder from thy lips, the more thou wilt elicit attention. What, though thou formest smooth periods of nothing, and sentences of well turned air—what whilst opened mouthed, thou stunnest the ear with loud tongued discord—what shall betray thy want of mind? Thou mayest roar in safety; for the world too often is deceived by the wondrous power of noise.

Finis

appellatives hideth themselves, as yet, in obscurity, to enter into a short dissertation, upon this fertile theme. But, however they taketh their thoughts of the subject from a wrong judgment thereof, inasmuch, as it appeareth by their several theorems, they stigmatize, and heapeth unfavourable strictures upon divers characters of the age, even transverse to the propositions and demonstrations, that I have heretofore laid down. Moreover they representeth, that the men of the times, (the bright exceptions I enumerated in these, my said commentaries, reserved,) lendeth themselves unto lewd and lustful appetites for wealth, whereon they groweth so sordid and avaricious in selfishness, that oftentimes they loseth advantages themselves, lest they should further others. Now, hereupon the minds of men have become wrapt up in their *nummari*; moreover, divers ariseth from the lowest standard unto riches, they maketh poverty proverbial for crime. Also society is abused by numerous venal wretches who jesteth with honesty and obliivate public benefit and private honour so that they may reserve unto themselves that which should have been appropriated unto the nation, peradventure low intrigue passeth

uninterruptedly for talent, (tt) impudence

(tt) We think, one of the persons here meant, must be the noted V*n B****n, though by some, who should know, it has been insinuated, that it is more likely to have reference to that distinguished worthy Samuel S. G*****r, who, it hath been whispered, hath been lately exalted unto a statesman, and therefore must perforce be a man of intrigue; and truly, we are very willing to give him credit for any quality, except talent; though we must, on consideration, express candidly, that we cannot but believe, that honest Sam has one insuperable argument against being the person designated in the text, viz. paucity of intellect. And still keeping frankness in view, we are obliged to say, that our idea of this promising lad is fully met by an ancient stanza of President Cooper's, which runneth in the words following, to wit :

“ There's goosy ‘ Sam’ of a heavy race,
With leaden head and brazen face ;
The flower of fools and the bar's disgrace
Is G*****r the lawyer,” &c. &c.

And though it seldom falls to the lot of one peculiar profession, to be so eminently blessed, as to possess more than one man of “ goosy Sam's” exquisite worth, (however prolific the law may be in chucklepatés,) yet, we know no one, who would fit the same harness with more exactness than one J***b

1 Van Buren

2 Gardiner

brazeneth itself out for virtue, (ss) and envy and ignorance for learning. (rr) Likewise adjoined to this, it is set forth that science

/ T*****d, a trencher knave—a ground worm of modesty, who, if he ever had a bright idea in his cranium, it must have been of so little moment, that it was never distinguished from the common current of his thoughts, the most sublime of which was, perhaps, as worthy of preserving, as any ebullition of the learned pigs, or the wonderful goats, either of which quadruped would surely make as brilliant a counsellor.

(ss) The nitche left to be explained by this note, has many rival candidates; though it is thought a gowned character, who has a place in Delaplaine's Repository, might answer it to the life. It is probable either Doc-

2 tors M*****ll or H*****k, may be able to
3 illustrate this enigma. However, we are of an opinion, that on ocular demonstration, the former gentleman will find out some likeness, either to the odd fish, named Mitchellis, or the late discovered hedge-hog skate.

(rr) We know of no person to whom this illustration can apply nearer, than a certain
4 conceited signior, of the name of C*****r; a chap, who prides himself wonderfully, on being the manufacturer of divers mawkish sentimentalities of little pleasantry, and less grammar, called novels, but which we believe, is all he has to pride himself on, and even these are so filled with incongruous absurdi-

1 Townsend

2 Mitchell

3 Husack

4 Cooper

availeth not, for the most luminous and ex-

ties and execrable poaching, that it required much exertion to cram them down the public mouth; though we are ready to allow, that they have been much bepraised by critic Wiley, and 'goosy Sam.' The first of course a very *disinterested*, and the latter a very *competent* judge; and no doubt it is from their opinion, that this ingenious writer shows himself (i. e. his *own* lovely and striking person,) twice a day, at every public promenade, thinking, no doubt, to strike the natives into awe. Alas! he puts us too much mind of the opossum, whose swellings and struttings, and antic capers do but breed smiles and disgust against the little monster. But stand forth—we have not done yet. Say C****r, though thou art puffed by fools, marked by thee as prodigies of taste, canst thou remember from thy earliest day a single instance, where thou hast laid *self* aside? Does not thy soul sicken, at the name of merit, when not applied to thee? dost thou not listen delighted to praises, that are but irony? for you are undeserving. Art thou not vain enough to babble thy own merit, so that thou dost resemble thy own Sitgreaves, the sole character thou hast ever penned, that bears an *original* likeness; only, instead of a votary of Hippocrates, he should have been a *disappointed politician*. Ere thou again venturest before the world, it would be well for thee to write a treatise on vanity; for the

alted stations (qq) becometh filled by glimmerous and illiterate sensoriums; verity,

illustration might be taken from the author. Alas! poor wretch, thy conduct and foolish pride bring too much to memory, that of the fellow, who boasted to a Grecian, that he could stand the longest on one leg; "Ay," said the Athenian, "but every goose can beat you." A word more—thou hast been blockhead enough, to believe thyself equal to a Scott, or a Brown: but thou canst not deceive the world; theirs are the writings of men of talent and learning, thine—but I will not speak of it, for who, (except it be thy convenient knave, the witty, the literary, and the all knowing master S***e, for such a mistake would be pardonable in him,) would be so void of knowledge or common understanding, as to compare the croaking of a rook, to the music of a nightingale? However long we may be amused by the braying of an ass, his voice will never be taken for sense.

(qq) On every side such swarms arise, that it were vain to particularize any character here; yet, as there follows somewhat of seminaries, a line below in the text, we beg permission to bring unto our readers' eyes, one Nathaniel F. M***e, a fellow, who we have never heard any thing very honorable related of, except that, being bred up a lawyer, he was like to starve, wanting the necessary quality of ability, and was only saved

1. *Stor...*
2. *Stor...*

we have most supereminent and lucerne scholastic institutions that rivalleth even ancient Gottingen; and moreover, numerous deep read graduates or alumni thereof that lacketh nought, in construing the poetic hexameters of antiquity, unless it be a knowledge competent of the spelling and grammar of their vernacular *lingua*. However, they having thus proceeded in their argumental grounds, concludeth, by citing liberally from singular, licentious and ribald compositions, entitled dramas, which have their foundation, or *radix*, on lascivious dances, or rituals, related in the Heathen mythology; peradventure the justification of their motives, being neither of a logical or philosophical nature, but moreover, being fiction, most indulgent reader, thy cerulian imagi-

by a black robe, enveloped in which he now looks as wise as you please; but it is somewhat strange, how he should have so suddenly gained sense, without he has inherited it from his *gown*; and even in that, he has the ten commandments in his eye, for he seems determined to look like nothing "of heaven above, or of the earth beneath," if we except an ourang outang, which respectable animal is by some thought to have the best of it.

nation must perceive the acidity, the philanthropical, the credible and indisputable tenor of my several axioms, heretofore substantiated. Therefore it dependeth not on me to reconvey unto thy perception the substance thereof, inasmuch, as thou well knowest, I have determined, beyond all sophistical argumentation, the true character of the era. Now, it would be but a repetition of unanswerable poignancy, were I to endeavour further to elucidate the merits of the performance of the wits, heretofore talked of. Likewise it might imply a fear of a disadvantageous impression, arising from the malignity and factious venom of the aforesaid characters, whose despicable attempts will but advance the fame of those they attack beyond comparison; yea, the immortal personages I have treated of, conjoined with Johnny A*g, (pp) Jacob Hays, (nn) and Harry

(pp) This gentleman is a very camera obscura of poets and dramatic writers, and withal a wonderful Thespian critic. He hath likewise manufactured the component parts

(nn) We feel ourselves in duty bound, here to make some excuse to our good friend Ja-

Agg

/ W*****n, (mm) will form a galaxy of worthies, even until the end of time. There-

2 of a dialogue, which he nameth a drama, and though it just escaped damning, no doubt by the superior acting of M*****d, of which Johnny hath made due acknowledgement, yet it hath so much merit, that it hath been a difficulty to discern, which is the most valuable, I mean in weight, the author's brains, the performance, or the book itself. We have also heard, that Johnny has amused his ponderous and cynical head, with writing

cob for not putting him in company more respectable than his two companions in the text. We certainly meant to have introduced him with honest J. G. B*****t, as fellow virtuosi; for though Jacob has never received a ring from a sovereign nor collected a cabinet of curious and rare coins, yet he has obtained many a sovereign for a ring, and helped to collect many curious and rare fellows. However as Jacob is a great theatrical character, he may be perhaps satisfied to stand aside of A*g; and sure there can be no disparagement, though he may feel himself much superior, as he is president of the thief catchers, that he is "hail fellow well met" with the president of the forum. 3

(mm) This pretty youth is the head of that very respectable society last mentioned, and his

1 Western
2 Maywood
3 B. G. G. G.

fore I will not enter upon an analysis of the said treatise, but leave it, most comprehensive

much poesy, which he gave to the world as Lord Byron's. But we believe the world was too wise for him, and well it might be, for all he called poetry was but prose run mad; but as M*****d says, "A*g is a tremendous satirical dog," and we hear, hath lately held forth in a voluminous way in the "Washington Republican," so we must beware. Yet we must say, Lord Byron, in our opinion, is very much obligated to him, if we are to judge from Johnny's alteration of 'Marino Faliero,' which was so exquisitely done, that had his lordship, been present, he would not have known his own writing. Yet it is due, that we mention, that it had the most surprising effect in performance, touching the nerves of all present; and few audiences, we

talents, with that of his fellow members, are about on a par. We hear and believe, that he thinks himself a very excellent personage to fill the place of his predecessor, J. H. H***h, and if we are to judge by his Secretaryship of a certain ward meeting, he would not dishonour the city; but he is too frivolous a character to make any remark of consequence upon; we have inadvertantly placed him in much better company' than he usually moves in. However, we have heard him called a *very innocent* young man; his face bespeaks it—innocent enough, heaven bless us.

1 Maywood
2 Hatch

reader, within the compass of thy own curious observation, which will of a dubity,

believe, have been more amused ; for with Johnny's pathos and M*****d's bathos, some of the spectators were led by a very natural conclusion to believe there was some mistake, and that which they had supposed tragic, was the reverse, being comic ; though in the end, they gave Melpomene her due tribute, for they laughed until the tears came from their eyes. But the greatest living instance of the matchless genius and ability of this wit, I cannot forbear mentioning. It was a barbarous murder committed on the body of an old comedy, which was scarce exhibited on the stage, before it was thought necessary to depart therefrom ; yet, be that as it may, Johnny is said to have cleared cash thereby, as it was paid beforehand, and it was not left to the tasteless public. From such success, A*g must be elated, for he doubtless perceives how much easier it is to profit by another's wit ; and it is likely that in a short time, by the help of Crito, that we shall see " sutor John," the Shakspeare and M*****d the Garrick of the age—doubt it who will ; for what the first may lack in brain, it is pretty palpable the latter makes up in assurance ; and though John may be sometimes decked " in borrowed robes," and lead the unwary to suppose his inner leather, as that tanning po-

Maywood

lvi COMMENTARY ON GOTHAM.

lead thee to acquiesce unto my own construction thereon. So I bid thee farewell—*vale!*
—*lege et delectare!*

TERENTIUS PHLOGOBOMBUS.

litician, Bloodgood*, would say, was of fine texture; yet his outward materials have the predominance of raw-sheep. .

* We only mention this currier for the sake of his *hide*.

THE END OF THE COMMENTARY AND
NOTES THERETO.

GOTHAM

AND

THE GOTHAMITES.



DUAN FIRST.

“ Who is so patient of this impious world
That he can check his spirit, or rein his tongue.
And have his lips sealed up? Not I ;—my soul
Was never ground into such oily colours,
To flatter vice and daub iniquity;
But (with an armed and resolved hand)
I'll strip the ragged follies of the times
Naked as at their birth.”

Every man out of his humour.

1.

BEAUTIFUL city! like Venus from the deep,
All glowing in her beauty, dost thou spring
From out the waters, that murmuring creep
Around thy island-throne, and proudly bring
Unto thy footstool, all that gorgeous stream
Of pomp—of wealth—of richer merchandise;
The worlds high homage! Yea, and I have
seen

The mighty sun o'er thy tall spires arise,
Pavillioned in his glory ; and no sight
Was lovelier. In his van, the yellow dawn 10
Leapt on the borders of receding night,
With timid bounds on darkness like a fawn
From his dappled mother's side first venturing,
A herald of that orb, whose eagle wing
Cuts the vast æther of that upper vale,
Whose hills are clouds. The vassal stars grew
pale
Before his splendor ; for amid the blaze
Of earth and air, he sat like some bright
Genie,
Whose throne was lustrous, with a thousand
dyes,
Or as a Spirit, the palaces of death 20
Late fled, and to delicious paradise
Winging his way, yet lingering to gaze
Back on thy scenes, oh vain mortality !
His incense was the morning flower's breath ;
Their odorous blossoms, in the first dew
laved,
Gave richness to the breeze that round them
clung,
Like hearts by love and destiny enslaved.
The morn's air was music, that might have
hung
Upon the lips of Angels, when they breathe
Their harmonies about the couch of death, 30

And woo the dying. All was solitude ;
The clouds upon the rainbowed waters flung
Their purple brilliancy—whose deeper hue,
Like crimson buds upon the green of spring,
Spotted the waves. The mighty multitude
Who cluster on thy marts were silenced all,
As in a sepulchre. Thy structures, battling
Late with darkness, caught the first sunlight's
fall,

That, like the glow around a seraph threw,
When veiling his bright forehead with his
plume, 40

He bends before the Eternal, lit up
The rich horizon. Thy gilded roofs and
domes,

Bathed in the purple splendor of repose,
From out the wilderness of masts arose,
Like mailed warriors ; and the port's thick
sail,

White as the virgin lily's perfumed cup,
On the broad bosom of the mighty bay,
Like bright and silver webs of dew lay
Glistening. And when had past the veil
That, like the silken lash above the eye 50
Of beauty, night left upon the sky,
In serpent splendour did thy rivers meet,
Sweeping in pomp, by palace groves to mingle
at thy feet.

II.

The serpent's coloured with the brightest
dyes

When most he's poisonous, and the fantasies
That haunt our night slumbers with the show
Of bliss, doth oft conceal the warning dire
Of misery ; the rosebud hath its glow
Of richness, when the canker's at its heart :
Beauty, when with an eye lit by the fire 60
Of love it makes the living spirit roll
E'en from its centre, piercing thro' the
soul

As with a shaft of flame, deep and wild de-
sire,

By day and night consuming, doth impart
Destruction, making life its food ;

Wo to the breast that lets it once intrude.

Proud city ! e'en in thy infinitude

Of pride, and loveliness, there is a stain

Of guilt upon thee, gloomy as the cloud

That veils the heaven, ere from his shroud 70

The arrowy whirlwind springs ; treach'rous
and vain

Thy merchant nobles, weak and willing
slaves

To gold ; and wild and boundless luxury

Reigns in thy halls. The giant Vice doth
wave

His black vanes in the air ; no place so high
But with bold pinion he hath dared to fly,
And build there for his pleasure. Gaunt

Folly

Unvizored, in thy squares holds carnival ;
Nor crimson Murder seeks th' o'erhanging
shade,

But stalks thy streets, his visage undismayed.⁸⁰
The serpent Lust unblushing doth his vot'ries
call,

With voice lucivious, sweet and musical,
But toned by death ; and Dissipation, wan
Enchantress, weaves unscathed her loom ;
Spreading her silken woof ; and all that's fair
Luring with syren smiles ; though love's
young bloom

Had vanished for the hue of bold despair,
She yet her maniac victims doth delude,
Unto the precipice—where with mockery,
She leaves them, to gaze upon the grave with
eye 90

Of famine gazing on the venom'd food
That it must feast on, or abstaining, die.
Proud city ! midst thy magnificence, a ban
Of power is above thee: Thou hast the weeds.
And crimes of cities in their last decay;

Upon thy youth a deadly blight doth lay ;
 Within thy feeble heart the adder breeds,
 That shall consume thee. Thy beauty's but
 the pall

That o'er the dying couch of youth is hung
 In lovely mockery—the living wreath 100
 Above the stern reality of death.

All the brightness of thy gemmed tiar
 Is but the rose's crimson smile, that's flung
 On snowy shroud, or time-worn sepulchre.
 What matters it, though there proudly glows
 Full regal powers within thy plebeian herd ?
 From amid thy loveliness a voice hath rose
 Against thee—thy crimes are registered.

III.

Time passes on, sweeping from his path
 The names of nations ; mingling in his wrath,
 The dust of king and beggar, in a heap 111
 Of silent union. The sculptured tomb,
 Whose canopy above the rich is thrown,
 Gathers o'er with weeds, and yet the roses
 bloom

On the grave, where the humble sleep un-
 known.

Time passes on, and unrelenting reaps

The beautiful of earth, whose beauty springs,
But to illumine the sod. Upon his wings,
What agony doth he bear : the world
Oh! were there mortal eye to read his flight! 120
Torn from her womb, the mother would have
hurled
Her babe to death, ere it should see the light.
Time passes on—Many doth it doom to groan
On the red field of slaughter; the dungeon
stone
Is cloaked with corpses, colder than their bier;
The ocean's heaped with dead; the desert
drear
Hath inhabitants, whiter than the drift
Of sparkling snow that lines the mountain
rift.
Time passes on—Of hope our every string
Is broken, and where sorrow comes no more
We should joy to slumber, but as wretches
cling 131
When shipwrecked, whom the next wave
from the shore
Will bear, so cling we to life's slavery.
Time passes on—And is there no remedy
For guilt? shall those unprisoned walk
Before the eye of Justice, whom we should
chalk

From out the calendar of recollection ?
 Shall men to virtue each pretence disclaim,
 Lay bare their crimes, and triumph in their
 shame,

Mocking the final wrath the thunders give. 140
 Shall we join hands, and in communion live
 With those whom, as the pestilence's deadly
 swoop

' That makes a grave of cities, we should shun ?
 Shall honesty bow low to scorn, and stoop
 To homage guilt ? shall the heart-rending cry
 The ruined mourner sends, unheard, in vain,
 Waste on the pityless air, and the sigh
 Of injured orphanage meet cold disdain ?
 Yet earth's no punishment, no redress ;
 Where crimes are strongest, the laws are pow-
 erless. 150

* * * * *

IV.

Still must we hear ! the hounds who swell the
 cries

Of ruin, and like vultures fill their maws
 And batten on our sad adversities,
 Fearing not conscience where they scape the
 laws,

Urge on the thunder. What! more currencies? (1)

Whose nameless worth, a substitute for ore,
Sweeps up our substance, and doth ruthless
pour

EXPLANATIONS.

(1) *ver.* 155. With all the wisdom of this age, it appears that often the shadow is mistaken for the reality. What can more illustrate this, than to behold such a quantity of insignificant rags, daily viewed in the light of gold, and pass through the hands of thousands current for the same value, and such is the mania that, though fully convinced of their futility by frequent exposures and losses, yet still such encouragement is given to these certificates of roguery, that new manufacturing of them spring up like mushrooms in the sun, while the true capital would not be able to redeem one tenth part of those already in circulation. Within this few years past, these mills of knavery, (the epithet is not too harsh.) have increased to an enormous degree; and not a single good has sprung from them; they have taken bread from the poor, and made the rogue insolent; they have created an ideal wealth, an artificial prosperity, an air filled capital; they have puffed up bubbles that are daily bursting around us with the very knowledge of their own emptiness and none have ever dealt with them, except

Guilt upon us, making us obey,
And bow to riches, and yield a passive prey,
Unto their lawless schemes. Is this the rage
Of yesterday? hath it not had its trial
And its time? yea! e'en to the dregs the vial

in the end they have been the losers; in short, no benefit has arisen to any who have had connexion with them, except the directors themselves, who, being knowing ones, have usually the *sharp* key, and the *flat* is given to the public. I am not without proof of this; I have just cast my eye on a list of these fellows, and in one of these institutions alone, I perceive the names of three bankrupts, but all of whom have gone through the purging oven, I mean taking the act, and are now of course good, and stable men. These "pistereen in the pound" philosophers, will scarce look at the poor creditors, whose labour has gone to give them note, and build the chariot in which they sport; still in the same catalogue, and in the same company are two more arrant cutters, an aspiring bricklayer, and a half-read pettifogger. The first, till he became a Bank Director, could scarcely comprehend, with clayey intellect, the mystery of a mill stone, although it must be allowed he had a pretty good capacity for building smoky chimneys and making dirt pies; yet it had always been believed that his skull was as soft as mortar, until he removed in the su-

Hath been drained, and every drop distilled
Its deadly poison : and yet it hath its charm

burbs of the 'black forest,'* in whose kindly shade, his head has become as hard as one of his bricks, and his tongue flies about like a trowel. The latter, whose wit is as clumsy as his form, and whose cunning might have fitted him for a scavenger, for he would have no doubt with his saving propensities, have cleared the streets as well as he does the pockets of his clients ; and who, if he had been left to his profession, would scarcely have got butter to his bread, yet by means of these paper mints, can strut a *respectable* member of society ; and the reputation of half the city are in the power of these chaps, one word from their lips is sufficient to overthrow the hard-earned credit of the industrious mechanic ; although it is publicly known, that four out of the five above mentioned, have voted against the discount of an honest tradesman's note, when on the very next day their agent purchased for them the same paper, at an exorbitant reduction. I cannot sufficiently comment, while on this subject, on the extraordinary modesty of Master S*****rs, *le per-* 1
quier, who, since he has taken up his residence

*A wood very full of thieves, and therefore very like—I would say, unlike W*ll Street, for all that resort there are of confirmed honesty, that is if we take specimen by M** 2
G****s, whose honesty is so clear, we all see through it.

1. Saunders
2. Mc Ginnis

Most serpentlike, for it hath filled
 Us with its mockery, and we warm
 The scorpion in our heart's core. The shriek—
 The broken shriek of poverty—the tear
 That down the marbled cheek of ruin'd age,
 Ploughs its dank way—the wail of deep de-
 spair 170
 The famished mother sends above the beir
 Where rests her shrouded children—doth not
 bear
 A warning, but unheeded pass, nor speak
 Unto the iron breast; for with an infantage,
 Surpassing idiocy, we cry our curse,
 And malison the deeds our follies nurse
 And strengthen; when with an unrelenting
 hand,
 We should sear to atoms that enchanted band

in the neighborhood of the forest abovenamed,
 hath gave up *shaving* entirely, being fully
 convinced that he is so close surrounded by
 older and more experienced shavers, that by
 the time a subject could come into his hands, it
 would be lathered and scraped to the very
 skin; yea the residents about him appear to
 be too much of one *faith*,

————“and own
 No God, but *Interest* alone.”

That binds us to sanction crime ; nor save
 From the vile losels punishment, the
 knave 180

Whose golden coffers are but spoils and
 Plunder of conquering villany.(2) But now

(2.) *ver.* 182. This line scarcely needs a word to illustrate it ; for, at a glance every one must know the individual to whom the sentiment alludes. It is true, rogues are not scarce, but his unparalleled effrontery hath signalized him above all his competitors : but at any rate, if the sense is not taken to whom we refer, the reader will find no difficulty in applying it truly to some one of the congregation of knaves, who come under his own immediate knowledge. It is too degrading to reflect on, that in these days, the greater the villain, the more meritorious the man. In truth, the only way to become celebrated is to be a rogue ; for, if B****r had been an honest man, he would not have been in people's mouths, or pockets either. Alas ! that *prim Quaker fraud* is more and more admired and followed every day, for the laws are so relax, that almost any sharper with wit and money, can escape his just due, which needs no proof, H*****n being unchanged. Yet such is the spirit of the times, that those scarce free from the cord, hold up their heads among the pure, and bluster themselves into notice and power, which the deserving may in vain try

Harkin -

Baker

Justice nor law hath sway ; and man that erst
Within the deserts trackless boundary,

for. Old Ben Jonson has a line purporting, that though a snake lay its skin, it is still a snake ; so, though a knave seem honest, he is still a knave ; and that it is true D***s will answer, could we read his heart, though from his mind spite of the bellowing of his mouth, we can gather nothing ; but we will not speak ill of the dead—so no more of his mind. However I must allow, there has been frequent blows at some of the sharpening fraternity ; but like cats, they always find their feet, in their fall ; and to show this, I need but point at two of the species, the aspiring recruit hight Master 2 I*****m and the child of the * flag P**l, both of whom frequent *knocking downs* only raised up.

* There is nothing military here meant, although the standard hath a most bloody appearance, and its children are of the most persecuting and driving disposition, particularly against tables and grates ; for they hammer the boards of the former with a ferocity only excusable by thinking they suppose every thing is as hard as their own skulls ; and they use the latter as if they wished no current metals of the brass kind to circulate for gold except their own ; though, take the generality of them it, is believed they will sell every thing else, even to their commission.

1 Davis

2 Ingraham

3 Pell

Roved the free hunter, and alone did bow
With gentle purity unto him who nurst
The stricken in the wilderness, nor breathed
a sigh
For the world's mockery ; for him the vault
Thick strewn with midnight gems, but fed
one thought,
One mighty dream of happiness—a blossomed
spring, 190
That knew no blight, and all unliving things
Where but the echo of his joy, nor bore
Death's cry a fear, it was a pang—no more—
'Tis gone ! life is but the vehicle for vice,
Whose only passion is a greediness for shame,
That hath its plaudits and its envy
And is sought from youth upwards, at a price,
Surpassing that which virtue seeks for
fame.(3)

(3) *ver.* 199. It cannot be denied but that the times are here truly depicted, however melancholy the reflection, as the world grows older, but not better, as can well be proved by our present state of society. Our youth are moved by dissipation only ; and their minds are equally divided by the billiard table, or the exercises of their appetites, which are pampered in the numerous eating houses and cellars, which are ever open for their ac-

The powerless arm of justice, that wide
 And at large leavesthem to wander in the face
 Of the broad heaven,(4) while wrung with
 despair,

The outcast culprit puts forth his prayer 210
 To death, that flying from his madden'd call,
 Like a young and bashful bride his grasp
 eludes,

(4) *ver.* 209. It is unfortunate that such is really the miserable state of our laws, or at least the weakness of their administration—for of most of our dispensers of justice, it may be well said, that their senses took leave of them ere their arrival to the bench. As to the strength of the laws, it cannot be wondered that they are wanting, when such a flippant nothing as H**t has been sent to make them, whose head and pockets are equally light; but doubtless he may fill the latter--the former it is impossible, though not against reason, for though a lawyer's head ought to be long, it does not follow that it should be thick, as in this case.

Ibid. A man must, in these days, make interest to be exalted to the gallows; and K*****e's being unhaltered, is proof of his having but little; though we know but few more deserving than this pettifogger is of the rope; for with him, there is no law; that is when necessity guides.

1. H. T.

Leaving him lonely to chew the bitter food
That misery caters, till he deems accurst
The hour that gave him life, to slake the
 thirst
Of his stern persecutors ; though his crime
 did save
His starving infants from famine and the
 grave.
For he that hath not gold, his judge's eye to
 awe,
Is now the only criminal, who feels the law.

V.

The vulture feeds not on the dying bird,
That bears its plumage and its sable wing ;
The gaunt lion that makes the desert ring
With its savage howl for food, doth not make
Its feasts on the dead ; yet there are, who herd,
And in union mix with men, and bear
Their form and feature, who would fiercely
 slake
Their thirst for gold, e'en though it were to
 break
The cold silence of the sepulchre, and tear
The hallowed shroud from off a father's corse !
Yea ! the infant, as it drains the liquid pearl
That the heart pulses of the parent feed,
Drinks not in love, but would the arrow
 hurl,

Nor feel one sleepless hour of dark remorse,
E'en though the breast that gave it life did
 bleed ;

For the darkness of the wormy home of death,
Brows pallid with misery have pined,
To seek for rest in sad and utter loneliness,
Life, all but its last bitterness resigned ;
No child to bless them ; no child to bless ;
Taking to the dregs the cup of pain, and
 breath

Of desert age ; the offspring of their winter
 years,

In arms against them ; their tree of hope bare
And seared ; their life's last hope despair.

For such is man—he hath no kindred blood,
His fellows woes to him yield richest food :
Let on the earth the proudest harmless lay,
A thousand harpies gather round their prey.

VI.

Oh shame ! oh shame ! and this is life ?
 for man

To spurn his fellow in the dust—the
 bloom

And pride of beauty and of worth its doom
To hear from lips deep strained and dark with
 crime,

And treachery. I am sick to see those scan
 As judges, who should blush as criminal.(5)
 A human idol is within the shrine
 That men do worship—self doth centre all
 From the board cradle to the funeral ;(6)

✕ (5) *ver.* 255. A most excellent explanation offered itself here in the character of H****n, who we have already sent a few darts at: but since we drew our bow, the voice of thousands have been heard, and he is at last fallen, we sincerely hope never to rise again, unless it be up the steps of that wooden palace 'yclept the pillory, which none better would grace; nor would there be a more grateful spectacle to his friends; but let us war no more with dirt: secure he may grovel in his native mud, he can never elicit pity, scorn alone is his due; yet we may thank heaven, we have got rid of him and knavery.

(6) *ver.* 259. Self is indeed the predominating principle that spurs each human action. An alderman, if he only makes one public harrangue in the whole course of office, it is either to prepare himself a snug birth, no matter if sinking dignity it be in prison, bride-well or penitentiary, so there is a salary; or to propose some public improvement, by which he can gather to himself plenty of *moss*,* alias

* Spelt modern style *morse*, a creeping little reptile of the parasite kind, usually

— Hroon —

And talent hath no prize—it is a thing ;
A curse among us, that doth betray

a good bargain. If a general make a motion for war, it is that in imitation of the thread-needle warrior † heretofore commemorated, his goose may lay golden eggs. If a lawyer be sent for the public service, he is always a skilful *gardener* enough to press the fruitage in his own service : But stop talking of public men. We must not overlook it, though the public does, that pompous little vapour R*****e, whose eloquence, whose understanding, and whose successful motions among the choice of the city, ‡ made the know-

found in clay, or soil favourable to brick-making, but the plant, though small and mean looking, has been known to fatten on the borders of a mud kennel, particularly where the bank was weak, or about giving way.

† *Vide*, a remark in explanation of note(p) to commentary.

‡ This is a very true and just expression ; though the city, it must be allowed, is not suffered to speak ; but we all must admit the city is incapable of thinking ; and whilst it has such men as Master L**t, and Dr. P***e, there is no need of disturbing its mental organs to choose any body. If it did, regular nomina-

1
2 Lent
3 Prince

Its owner into sorrow. Pretence doth fling
Her bandrol to thesky; while true merit lay

ing ones stare last winter; but away with
jobbernowl, ‡ for we are impartial and

tion, ten to one would gain. But I am no politician, so, reader, if thou wouldst have this elucidated, take generosity in thy mind, go to the wigwam, even in this season of blossoms, and thou wilt hear it most ably explained by Masters McN***n and W***y, backed by Judge R*****e and Alderman B***d, the latter of whom, whatever likeness thou mayst believe he has unto his name, is a smart youth, and makes an excellent turnkey, though somewhat garrulous

For I'm not joking,
Aldermen and oxen both have spoken.'

‡ We refer the reader to the elegant and learned journals of C*****n and W***h of Philadelphia, for a precedent of this word. It is much to be wished, that both of these great literary characters would *compromit* unto the ignorant and unlearned world, an *elimination* of their meaning, when they condescend to use, in their lunatic ardour for superiority, words that are not to be found in the dictionary, which are so often *doled* out between them, that their readers, who, having in vain strived to follow their exquisite flights

1 Coleman
2 Walsh

Weeping in the dust,(7) like the lowly flower
That sleeps in the gloom of some princely
bower,

must show his other side, as he is blest with such an intolerable vanity, that the highest compliment we can pass his exalted dignity is to inform him, that he is just good enough to be mentioned among these pages, but nothing farther. As it is imposible for the shaft of ridicule to make him more contemptible, than what he is already; for self-conceit, wiseacre and R*****e are synonymous terms. Yes, the wise Solomon rightly observes, that you may bray a fool in a mortar, without making him wiser, so you might as well sound for bottom at sea, as rake for sense in R*****e's skull, or strive to disturb his stationary stupidity whose faculties do not improve in spite of poundings.

(7) *ver.* 263.—

“Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse
Is light, yet you see how this world goes.”

Yes, light is scarce wanting to see the injustice to virtue, and the daily triumph of hypocrisy. If a man is not a right down hypocrite either in politics or religion, he might

of fancy, are obliged to wonder what it is all about. Surely they cannot think every one as wise as themselves?

And shrinks from the slightest wind, whose
cheering blast
O'er the richer foliage swept ; still clings it fast,

as well hang himself, as to hope for preferment ; for every fantastic coxcomb, though his pericranium resembles an empty nutshell, if he only can put on a long face, is the man for the multitude, and is certain to be cried up as a man of great benevolence, though by the by he never gave a cent of his own in his life; or a man of talent and equal to any station, when it is most likely his talents only befit him for a sweeper or a town crier, at the furthest—instance of the first, (C****l,) and of the last A****n, of whom I must add, that he smells too much of tar, and looks too much like a porpoise, even for company the keeps. But two of the greatest votaries of pretence are C*****n, and W****h, named above. Of the first spoken personage we have already made some mention, but not all that he is entitled to, as will be found, second duan, and note thereto adjoined ; but as the other does not so immediately come under our province, we shall deal with *a presente*, for he is one of those deep-mouthed stagyrites, and is so besotted with his own multifarious erudition, that it may be well said, he is within all brickdust, and without all lead. He is also one of those mope-eyed dolts who adore all things which they cannot comprehend. However, he is famous for writing “An Appeal,” which, in truth, is the greatest *appeal* to patience that has ever been penned, for it is so

Till in its nook 'tis blighted. Darksome
grave !

Thou art the only friend the wretched have.

VII.

* * * * *

VIII.

Oh music, music ! all that frolic youth,
Or bright eyed love doth feel, is in thy song ;
Thou keep'st the thrilling key of memory,
And thoughts and visions buried deep and long

filled with bloated pedantry, preposterous fustian, and abortive thoughts, that many parts, we have no doubt, would puzzle the author himself to explain his own meaning. However, he must be allowed some merit—that of originality ; for it has never been equalled before, nor will be, till he writes again. Yet we fear he has hit on the only method which can ruin his fame—it is that of giving his works circulation ; for as they would not sell retail, he has sold them wholesale, two editions at one auction. But as it has been acknowledged that he is a full-grown child, it is a wonder, that to get rid of those soft excrescences which so sadly expose his brain, he does have himself cut for the simples.

Float at the summons of thy melody.

On the dark gray shore, I've stood listening
Unto thy midnight note, that came mingling
O'er the blue and moonlit deep ; now at my
side

'Twas trembling, anon it sunk, and died
In distance on the breathless air as though
'Twas but a gentle dream ; such sounds do
glow

Upon the lips of spirits, if the tale have truth,
When to their earthly loves they wander near,
And call them upwards to their native sphere.
Well, what of this ? I have no mate in taste,
The world thinks different, then why shall I
My thoughts, my fleeting time and labour waste
In useless toil ? for the sweet harmony
That Nature loves, whose hyacinth breath,
late warm

With stirring passion and with life, came o'er
The seared heart, like moonlight on the shore,
Soothing and chastening, hath gave place 290
To foreign artifice, distortion and grimace,
Whose sight doth sicken ; (8) and bright lips
of rose,

On whose crimson leaves Innocence should 've
chose

(8) *ver.* 292. The true soul of melody either is extinct, or hath never flourished in this

Its blushing bower ; now there only flows
 Lascivious madrigals, whose words disgrace
 The mind that utters them, and doth bereave
 Beauty of all awe, since it doth deceive, 298
 Masking a fiend impure with an angel's face.(9)

land. The false music of Italy is gaining daily deeper ground ; the composition, at best, is not equal to the simple notes of the Scots or Welch airs ; but when from such lips as P****p's, it makes its first advances in fashion, the style is not so much to be despised as the singer, for it is impossible where meanness holds sway, that harmony can dwell. In no other country would this man of grimace be tolerated higher than a chorus singer, and even that, his froggy throat would render discord ; and scarcely would he find countenance here, were it not for the eternal puffs, those ropy drivels of C*****n's rheumatic brains, which force him *vi et armis* in the public eye, for in truth his singing can only be compared to the pillory—it may nail our ears down, but it leaves our heads bare.

(9) *ver.* 299. Nothing can be more degrading to the refined delicacy we should look for in a female, than the lascivious songs songs which are now so much in fashion and warbled in our first circles. I must confess, I have heard with sorrow the lips of some of our most beautiful and accomplished ladies tarnished in sweetness by the foul sentiment

And yet we have reformers—yea, they swarm
Like bees in summer, pleased with the hum
Of their own insignificance, tho' no harm
Comes from their stings, for they are silent,
dumb;

of some *chant*, fresh from the brain of impurity. It is only to be hoped, (which the glee and smiles that attend the utterance unfortunately seem to deny) that they do not understand what they sing. However, as I am no foe to beauty, I sincerely hope all forward fair ones may gain what they so much, and with such art endeavour for—a husband. But while treating of music, it would be ungenerous in us to forget the mention of that pretender to the art of composition in that line, G*****t. He would, from his profession, the scraping of catgut, be entirely beneath our notice, was it not that one of the venal guides of those instruments of public falsehood and private puff, the papers, had pushed his name once or twice undeservedly before the world. Without the least merit, or pretension thereto, this broken string of a cracked fiddle, is daily composing to the brisk twinkling, of an ass's ear, (i. e. his own,) the voided brains of every itching blue stocking, whose bedlam rant he can obtain; but alas even with plagiarism, which, in his hands becomes worse than it was before he stole it—for he has not wit enough to retain a good thought even when he steals—and the snivelling and

Where they should cry loudest, their snarling
word,

Save in their own praise, is weak, therefore
unheard. (10)

labourous nothings which he wrings from his barren and sterile cranium, the music is unworthy of the poetry. But I will not break a butterfly on the wheel; let the orchestra take care of its own base bows, I would say its own blockheads, for the daw is too inferior and mean a bird for us to strip him of his adventitious plumage.

(10) *ver.* 306. There is scarcely an evil arises among us, but instantaneously a society for its suppression is formed; but though this on the face may appear well, yet I can well say, that in spite of the bold and philanthropic resolutions passed by such associations the evil still remains. The truth is, that they are formed for the sake of complimenting some superannuated old fool with the direction, and to puff up the vast charity of men who, if the world did not hear of it, would never think of any body but themselves. In short, I believe nothing has ever yet come of the vast sums that have been laid out for the public use, or at least intended to be laid out, except anniversaries and fine speeches; and, such is the rage, that the weaker sex have set up an imitation, and we hear of young misses drafting resolu-

Yes! a shoal of vermin have set up their hive
 Within thee, fair city! and they fiercely strive
 To hunt down virtue, who dares not hide 310
 From the stronger grasp of chattered pride.
 If Genius be among you, Envy doth raise
 Her crest and snaky tongue with venom,
 quickly
 To spoil it of its plumes, and the sweet praise
 Which it had dearly won; and all agree
 The coronal to wreath, that it may fall
 On some vain dunce, who hath no worth at
 all. (11)

tions, who can scarce write their own names. How much does all this remind one of the monkey using the cat's paw to get the chestnuts from the fire—the public being the poor cat's paw, that is daily most wofully scorched in gathering fame and gold for the pockets of these puritanical monkeys.

(11) *ver.* 318. Fame hath now become indeed a mere article of traffic, and may be bought either at a high or low price, as the purchaser can afford. Make it worth the while of any of our editors, I'll not except one, and his press is at your service, to gull the fools who believe all that is said thereby. In short, I believe there is more honour in the printer's devil than in the printer himself, though they are both related to the infernal regions. Books are not now purchased for their *merit*,

But what care I—my heart is still unstrung,
 Though clouds of critics rise, they shall ne'er
 Stop my course. Why, let them, if they please,
 Fetter imagination, and chain the tongue 321
 With matchless impudence. I do not fear
 The puny powers of their realm, nor their de-
 crees,

Which live but with the fearful or their tools,
 For drink made them wits, nature meant them
 fools. (12)

but for their skins; and that author who, like
 C****r, is so happy as to bear a personal resem-
 blance to his works, that is, both being bound
 alike, in calf-skin, is the most in demand.
 Though this chap hath had the *precaution* to
 send a *spy* into the encampment of litera-
 ture, yet his *pioneers* have not had the luck to
 lay him a foundation, and we feel highly re-
 lieved, that he is about to send a *pilot* to take
 us safe ashore again. Well, every dog must
 have his day, and C****r has had his, though
 a puppy of the lowest race, so let him spin out
 his tales of rueful length, to the delight of
 Master S***e and the ladies; let him daub a
 subject truly rich with bloated colouring and
 childish style; let his characters take leave
 both of manners and sense, in which both the
 author is truly wanting—for soon, his

“course of folly run,

In peace, unread, unmentioned, be undone.”

(12) *ver.* 325. I think there is none to

x. Cooper

Yet is it not shameful? that ignorance dare
Thus tyrannize, and lay the garden bare

whom this line will better apply than to the
 1 facetious triumvirate, that jackanapes the de-
 2 lectable Professor C****r, the energetic Paul
 3 A****n, of Baltimore, and that travelled young
 4 master hight, Professor E****tt, of the Litera-
 ry Emporium—I do not mean the shop of the
Murray of America, as W****y has the mo-
 desty to term his ten by twenty pamphlet hole
 and its learned counter-jumper, but a city so
 called, whether in praise or derision it is hard
 to tell, as we have not heard of its being fa-
 mous for any thing, except it be queer notions
 and molasses, which accounts for sweet mas-
 3 ter E****tt's brains being so full of the for-
 mer, and so thick and soft with the latter;
 though we think there must be a mistake in
 the sentence as applied to him: "Drink made
 them wits"—now we verily believe all the
 drink in creation would not make the young-
 ster a wit, for it needs no illustration, that you
 may moisten a log for ever, still it will not
 grow. However, the accounting for the ex-
 pression we leave entirely to the reader, only
 remarking, that it is our belief the remark
 arose from this clever boy's writings, which
 are of a thin and water-gruel character. As
 to the first named worthy, we have already
 had him under serious consideration, though,
 as I can believe there is not enough of a good
 thing, and we will not tire by once again
 drawing him over the coals, for his being a

1. Porter 4. Wiley
 2. Allen
 3. Eversitt

And waste, stripping unharm'd from off the
tree

That talent watches, its fairest flowers, 330

And not a hand to shield or set us free

From such oppression; for trembling cowers

votary of the muses, though we fully believe the muses never court him, place him somewhat in our path. This 'booming' genius has some merit, though his writings have one fault—it is a beginning; yet it is to be allowed that one excellence redeems them—it is that they have a finis, though it is devilish hard to wade to; and as to his poems, there is no doubt but that they are eternal, for we certainly read them to no end. As to his *critiques*, they are quite unintelligible, and therefore perhaps are much read. It is undoubtedly from his old calling, a schoolmaster, that this aspiring and doleful bard hath taken his metromania; for the mawkish and dull mewlings of his pegassus, resembling the blubberings of an overgrown infant; from the idiot whine that mingles itself with the Professor's voice, we scarcely think his pupils could have felt much respect for him, for they could certainly have perceived that there was no difference between them, except in years—*ohé jam satis*. No more of this industrious paragraph grinder; for we war not with unresisting imbecility. As to the second mentioned literary Magog, he is an honest, pains-taking wight, who can better explain the power of words, and the use of figures without

Those who should arm in their own despite,
And hurl to dust the fabric whose dark site
Vanity planned; for dulness' mandates should
succeed

Only with fools who write—and greater fools
who read.

- sense, than any one we can produce; he is one that can with the greatest ease fill several quarto pages, without a single idea—his works are so filled with incongruous images, motley fustian, and the florid glare of importance, making the neatest specimen of sound without thought, and the profundity of bathos, that ever came from the skull of man: But it will suffice to say, that his writings have long since met their fate; they have all gone to the grocers. As to the last written character, I mean the young Askapart of criticism, E****tt, as we have already told what his brains are composed of, it will not surprise the incautious peruser, when we state that he is the author of one or two splay-foot madrigals, which in their way are certainly formidable, I mean as nonentities; and he is likewise the principal conductor of a turgid absurdity, 'yclept a review, whose pages are too often filled with the most wretched rhapsodies of incomparable nonsense, that disgraces the paper which holds it.—However,
- 3 Ev****tt need not affect the fool, for he is what he affects.

3 Everitt

IX.

Crime! thou art as that disease to humanity
That creeps into the frame, as 'twere with life,
And eats unto the heart; so in the cup
Of the pearl-lipp'd lily, the canker, rife 340
With death, consumes its bloom and beauty.
Crime! thou art as the ivy, which runs up
The green and shagged bark of some tall tree,
Spreading its weedy clusters in each wake
And furrow; at first despised, though last,
As with the wily spider's mesh, it fast
Doth chain each 'spiring branch, and the
boughs take
Its slender bonds; what though the hand of
care, 348
Unceasing, from off the brown trunk doth tear
The climbing viper? yet, as death's pale king,
When o'er his victim he hath spread his wing,
Whose very shade doth wither, it doth clasp
Its fainting prisoner, who dies in its grasp,
Crime! thou comest on man's enraptured
gaze,
In shape of loveliness, and in a blaze
Of beauty: Sorcerer! thou hast bound
His overpower'd senses in a sleep profound,
No angel's voice can wake; thou hast spoke
From lips brighter than blossoms, on which
woke

The young sunlight; and the syren sweet 360
With love's delicious band hath chain'd him
to thy feet.

Out on thee! Dissembler! thou dost hide,
'Neath a form that looks a cherub in its pride,
Within an eye, whose melancholy gleam
Shot richer glances than a lover's dream
Hath ever painted, with soft words that come
More harmonious than the wild-bee's hum
About the roses bloom, or breaths that fling
Their music from lilies in the airs of spring,
A demon soul—thy flower-crowned hair 370
Is but a nest for serpents; thy cheek should
wear

The livery of the grave; the worms should
there

Hold festival; and thy fair form, that ne'er
sates

With enjoyment, uncloaked should appear
The leprous thing it is;—for, let them name
Thee as they may, still, Crime, thou art the
same

Foul and venomous lazar we should hate.
But words are waste! still thou dost thought-
less bear

The plumage, and the richest name doth wear
That man hath in his calendar to give, 380
The fairest; and thy unhallowed orgies live
With smiling courtezans, and flush of wine;

For Fashion's midnight votaries, whose name
Now governs, with lecherous haste do twine
Thy chaplet, and thy praises sing; while
Shame
Doth not answer; and choral sounds, as sweet
As voice o' mermaid o'er the sea-blast, greet
Thy conquests. Ill-fated time! when the
tainted breath
Of fops and knaves can paint and deck dis-
grace
With honour. Yea! e'en murder hath its
grace 390
Within thy eyes; for look, behold him there,
The hired assassin o' the town, (13) honoured
by all,
And followed and courted as a deity;
What though recent marks of blood he doth
wear
Upon his scarce wip'd hands? his wit, and eye,
That hath ever filled with sportiveness,
In Pleasure's gay assemblage will redress
His guilt: none think of it; few saw him fall,
The mangled victim of that drunken brawl,

(13) *ver.* 395. We forbear, for the present, to mention the name of the person here meant; though we have no doubt the picture is too perfect to escape notice: *his friends* will doubtless recognise him.

By his friend's hand died, unhonoured—forgot;
It was o' yesterday ; murder !—matters not.

X.

Such is perfection—he, who will remorseless
take

The Creator's gift unto mortality,
And quench life's taper for a mad word, spake
Unaware, in jest, or worthless revelry,
At dice—for painted bawd, whose sickly
charms,

Though won by blood, are open to the arms
Of any who will purchase. Or he (14) 410
Who ceaseless, like the tiger, whose tastes
For blood enjoyment makes more savage,
wastes

His youth in lust and low debauchery,
Frequenting yon vile fane of vice by day
And night, until his purse and health decay,
Rioting away the substance, which to gain,
His dead father's years were past in pain
And anxiety ; and whose glory is to tell
That he has done the honours of a brothel
well, 420

(14) *ver.* 410. *Vide* Expl'n 13.

Are now his only models—'cept he (15) share
Their honours, whose dark soul is not content
With lesser guilt, but whose day's unceasing
care

Is but one scene of villany; who hath blent
The mean cunning of his mind, the innocent,
To ruin; and in alley's gloom is seen,
With thoughts black as the darkness that doth
screen

His hellish purpose; prowling to ensnare
The step of beauty, and ruthless tear
Asunder the fair ligatures which tie 430
The child unto the parent, for an hour's boast
In tavern-hall, 'mid folly's thoughtless host,
Whose glee rewards. The ceaseless agony
His victim feels—let her alone endure;
She was but made to be his paramour;
So thinks he, if e'er the seldom thought dart
On his mind; he hath not a feeling, none!
For her, the blighted ruin of his art,
Undone, in body and in soul undone;
She lives, but dying, or lives in daring guilt, 440
That hath not atonement—Her heart is
stained!

That step is taken that never was regained
In life; the loose follower o' infamy

(15) *ver.* 421. *Vide* Expl'n 13.

She wanders on, wither'd by burning noon,
And midnight dew; in her heart wild frenzy.
Her cheek a flame, her blighted body gave
To vile and sordid lust, whose poison soon
With fever and famine leads her to the grave—
While he doth walk in pomp, and bloom, and
pride,
And scorns the lost wretch who for him had
died. 450

XI.

Unhappy city! e'en thy rulers haste
To crush thee; and, void of all modesty,
They boast in open light their selfish waste
And prodigality; what men set high
Upon thy judgment seats, who proudly fill
Thy places of power? those who still
Look of the dirt from which they sprung, tho'
pride
Their origin 'neath impudence doth hide.
What test their merits? length of age, or years
Spent in the city's service? No! the fears
And plans of partizans, who vilely bear 460
Their favourites to office, that they may share
The spoil; for honesty is but a name,
Patriotism a word whose meaning's tame
As worth; for all prefer him who talks

Loudest, though a rogue, to him who upright
walks

In the bright path of honour, and hath no stain
On life or name. Yes ! he that can loudly rail
Like ocean in its strength, will now obtain
All favour ; though the words that have ut-
terance

Are empty as his brain, yet all hail
Him topmost demagogue ; and in his glance
Gathers wealth and dignity, while conse-
quence sit

Upon his shoulders, as clumsily as wit.
If he give power, a heavy bribe will sure
Turn all opposers ; and all rivalry,
Whether of talent or capacity,
Will fly like snow drifted by the wintry wind ;
But if a partizan, unclothed and poor,
Yet zealous in the cause, he will trust 480
Unto your suffrage, and, like a snake, he'll
wind

Him about you, to crush your liberty—
For judge and beggar now one faith do own,
And equal worship interest alone.

XII.

Oh, foul Ambition ! how many hath curst
Thy hateful wiles, that in their pleasant youth
Lured them from the path of honour and truth,

With witching smiles, whose fairy hopes^r were
lost

In base deception ! how many hast thou crost
With blight and storm ! how many bitter tears
Hast thou cost thy followers, for long years 491
Of abject servitude ! Unholy thirst !

Thou comest to our raptured dreams at first
As the flower, which dies drinking the breath
Of its own fragrance ; but the sleepless eye,
The agitated heart, attest, tranquillity
Comes not with thee ; the outcast bed of
death

The aching brow, and the wild weight of grief,
The bitter price of dark intrigue and guile,
Show how evanescent and how brief 500

Is the splendour of those who court thy smile.
To-day they sail the summer tide, and have
No thought of hours when joy shall be no more ;
To-morrow comes, and all their pomp is o'er,
With scarce a shadow to their lonely graves.

Deceitful snare ! thou hast to bitterness
Turned our age. In pallid loneliness

The midnight weeper trims her dying lamp—
And yet he lingers, he that hath undone, 509
And heaped her soul with wo ; the thick damp
Of the night-wind blows about her—yet the one
Her heart watches comes not ; in drunkenness
And lewd orgy he his revels keeps,
With knaves and spoilers, who smiling reap

VIII.

Whither shall I turn, for thoughts more genial
 And pleasant? to yon house of misery,
 Where folly reigns sublime, where vice doth
 pall

At once the sight and senses, where, free
 And unguarded, lewdness her riots hold? 530
 Thou licensed brothel, in thy charter bold (17)

acquainted with them for the present, as I have some interest at the Wigwam which I do not wish to mar,) escape hanging for using the property of the public, I shall wonder at it, and bless the lenity of all popular governments.

(17) *ver.* 531. Whoever thinks this too sharp an expression, let them visit the theatre, mark the dress of the actress; hear the smutty wit or double-entendres oft-times introduced on his own authority by the actor; the actions of the fair goddesses of the third tier, in the very sight of the audience; the drunken, swearing, and riotous scenes in the dram-rooms, miscalled the saloons,—and then let any one, however their principles be lenient, if they have one spark of virtue, say that the above is misrepresented, or too harshly worded. As to any defender's pretending to say the stage is the school for correct enunciation, or at least *our* stage, it is a complete absurdity; for I will venture to say, and there is no one can dispute me, that there is not one actor at our theatre who can read and pro-

Vice in thy walls hath sanction, and basks
 In the sunshine of power, which masks
 Its festal with decorum's name; but still
 The name is all, for, call the night-shade as
 you will,

Its nature it retains, and doth kill
 E'en by its taste. But I would others might tell
 Thy faults, for the sake of genius, which, like
 an angel

O'er the dying, weeping for their earthly deeds,
 Calendars of crime, thy lost fane still feeds 540
 With tears; but yet thy garden's rank and bare,
 'Cept where noxious shrubs and foetid tares
 Have sprung in the place of herbage; and now
 Such is the drama; unbound, unrestrained,
 It hath rushed down to earth, and regained
 The dust from which it rose; that which was
 art

nounce properly one single page of common
 English; surely you cannot say M*****d; /
 his language is but a dialect; his English is
 all Scotch. As to Ritching's and S*****n, 2
 we believe that neither of them can boast of
 education enough; for the latter, we can all
 see by his choice of stock plays, that he has
 not as much literature as his bill-sticker: as
 to their acting, there is no one of them but
 conceives to misconceive—that is, they pre-
 tend to perform, but neither give the intention
 or the text of the author.

1 Maywood
 2 Litchinson

Approaching to perfection, hath changed to low
 And rude burlesque, and coarse buffoonery,
 Which would to a wandering charletan impart
 The blush of shame ; distortion and ribaldry
 Are on the cheek and lip of every fostered
 mime,

Who famished, yet impudent, from distant
 clime

Adventures :(18) dead to disgrace and shame,
 And yet I have seen, unabashed and tame
 Those dwell upon their sayings, who would fear
 The silent step of love, and scarce would hear

(18) *ver.* 554. No matter what the conceit be, so it hath a foreign sanction—still it will go down with our patriotic citizens, who are daily taken in by those needy vagabonds, who conjoined, with the *disinterested* public journals, are now coming over, in shoals to drain our money and laugh at our credulity. It is a pity our corporation hath not sense enough, since the British government hath sent us and are daily transporting all their rubbish and offscum to our good city, to ship to them in exchange, our own manufacture; for I have no doubt our bridewell and penitentiary can produce as many recruits for Drury Lane and Covent Garden, as Newgate; that is, if we take a record by the *kean* few, who have done us the honour of visiting us, and found our “dollars carried more than their common value.”

The word from their own sex, but would rush
Unto their burning cheeks the crimson flush
And hue of modesty, like to dying day,
When on the snow brow of distant hills it lay,
In purple glory. Such is the strong sway
Custom holds, that none now will dare to blame
Husband (19) or lover, who in the very sight
Of the world desert their loved one's side,
For some fair bawd, who eye and breast invite
To open dalliance, nor seek even to hide
From the deserted one, who unpitied sees her
shame.

Yes, the muses' home hath become the place
For gathering to drunkards and debauchery,
Where lechery may gaze unrestrained on the
face

Of acting puppets, who wear no veil, but free

(19) *ver.* 564. Of this we have seen several examples; but one we cannot but think made a considerable impression upon all, particularly taking the object's situation and interest for the popular opinion as he depends upon the public charity for a living; but it is beneath the dignity of our pen to disgrace itself by a mention of either the action or the person of such insignificance; suffice that whatever *price* he may place upon his name, we think him a man of no worth at all.

Leave their breasts of snow, and their light
limbs press,
On the sight of all ; and that the variety
Which gives such promise, shall not deceive
the eye,
Forgetful of the sex they take the dress
Of manhood, but from whose shape modesty
Is fled. — Ay, the mimic art hath no charms,
For folly, and grimace can never reap
The admiration of the heart, nor warm
The soul with pleasure ; yes it doth sleep,
That mighty art, unmatched one,* in thy grave
And though thou’st no stone, whereon to read
Thy excellence, still thy powers will live,
Shrined in memory ; but thou hast gave
Up thy place to those who can no more strive
In thy comparison, than life can revive,
I’ th’ rose, on which nor sun light, nor dew falls.
He may strut, though his dwarfish form palls
The sight to sickness, and croak with hoarse
voice,
Like the raven when at the window of the dead
It flaps its wing, and vaunt with inward pride.
A Garrick’s walk hath its equal in his stride,
Still all his talent doth but dispense
At second hand a libel upon common sense. (20)

* Hodgkinson.

(20) *ver* 596. This “bonnie laddie” is,

And what more can he boast, whose form doth
rejoice

In one perfection ; one leg, flies t'other

without doubt the most unblushing "cheild," of modesty about town, and as complete an egotist as one would wish to meet with ; His manners and person would make an exquisite subject for comedy : and nature has given him an admirable *comic* figure ; yet he has the inordinate vanity to think himself the best tragedian known ; and will hear his own praises, ay, speak of his own excellence himself, until his hearers sicken, while he happily wants the understanding, which any fool possesses, to perceive all addressed to him are compleat *irony*. C****r, W*****k, and all his competitors, if a hod carrier can be called the competitor of a mason, make this little chap of the buskin swell with gall and envy, and his own lips run them down to his *own personal* advantage ; yet it is well he has the bronze to cry himself up, for it is certain no one else will. He talks terribly of his success on the London boards, which we from certain causes, much doubting, examined the register of appearances, and after much difficulty found the name ; and was disappointed in finding a truth for once ; he truly was warmly greeted, for the audience mistaking him for a goose, received him with—hisses ; and if he ever was allowed to perform again it must have been as a *ventilator*, to fill the house with—emptiness. It is also said, that he is a man of reading and attainments. We

1 Cooper
2 Wallack

As'twere frightened at the beauty of its brother;
 But his unmeaning eye doth ever wear 600
 The glassiness of the puppet, not the play'r;
 His acting hard, affected, for his iron face
 Hath not a power, even for grimace,
 For every feature doth its work alone,
 And, were they not known as brass, the hard-
 est stone,
 You might believe them; (21) all alike display
 Their meaning—Players and drama are but a
 play,

will acknowledge he is a morosoph, or wise fool; for his conversation gives every proof of it; though if we take his own word, he is intimately acquainted with all the learned men of Edinbro', which, if true, he must have finely shown off his own ignorance, and of this we are sure, there could not have been much satisfaction to boast on their parts; but however we are inclined to think that if he ever was in their company, it was merely for the sake of a foil, as kings keep their fools, or to fetch and carry letters, or some such *super-numery* part, a line which he is peculiarly adapted for on the stage, and is certainly the highest his talents deserve. In such characters, M*****d might, with time and study perhaps arrive at a tolerable standing.

(21) *ver.* 606. This personage, whatever he may believe himself, would in his merit as a performer be below our wasting ink or time

Maynard

A pantomime for children, whose plans admit Folly, but shun nature, sense and wit.

upon, but being manager, and famous for unparalleled impertinence, which is proved below in his conduct to the public, we must not pass him by, though once before too much honoured by our notice. It is abominable, that though we have so many presses, which are indeed but the convenient vehicles of their conductors' private hatred, that for the sake of a free admittance, accepted even by religious D****t, and canting S***e, the last not having mind enough, and the first guided by "Yankee principle," not to refuse it, so much escapes the public eye: although intimately acquainted with many of the disgraceful secrets behind the curtain, which would, after the relation, if there be any sense of shame left in the city, create a merited indignation; yet as this is not the time, nor have we room in a note for that which would fill a volume, we refrain, though strongly inclined thereto, from such exposure for the present. As to this wielder of the managerial rod, he has, by dint of industrious meanness, not of talent, one spark of which he never possessed, for his very name hath something *simple* in it, brought himself from the lowest station of a barn, and now, were he not manager, in most parts his cast would be in rivalry with Nexen, who indeed has played in his time much better. With a face and form truly described in the text, he believes himself the admiration of every fair one who he fixes his eye on; now truly, were we young ladies, we'd sooner fall

1 Dwight
2 Storer

XIV.

Yes, I am tired to see such rise, and thrive
 In men's opinion, while worth in vain doth strive

in love with Oliff, for there's something of
 the gentleman about him which S*****n sad-
 ly wants, for, until very lately, this baboon
 (for there is considerable resemblance in the
 person of this animal to that biped,) constant-
 ly regaled his guests with his conquests; and
 truly, by his account, he'd want no assistance
 of art, to sing "such a beauty I did grow."
 Though subsisting on the bounty of the people,
 this pauper nightly insults, by his choice of
 acting dramas, the feelings of the audience,
 and by palming mock benefits on the public;
 for which the person named, either receives no-
 thing, or a paltry sum of hush-money. Though
 2 N**h and C*****n puff the "amiable mana-
 4 ger;" though J***h dedicate to him with a
 servility beneath a man of genius, and only
 to be accounted for by *interest*, this elf's per-
 formance is but a libel on mimicry. How
 laughable it is to see him decked in the robes
 of a sovereign at his coronation, sweating and
 swelling like a turkey! Monarchy was never
 so disgraced, so burlesqued: a happier repre-
 sentation for republicans never could be hit
 off; but the spectators were well assured that
 the actions of a king were not to be compared
 to the imitation of a monkey. In short, we ne-
 ver see him to any satisfaction except in Obi, for
 which, bating the color of the runaway negro,
 which, however, is but of a shade or so differ-

1 Simpson

4 Indak

2 Noah

3 Coleman

To gain success ; but tis now the footstool
To exalt hypocrisy, and every fool
May spurn it ; 'tis like the glittering steel
That neither bends nor can impression take
From aught that lives, and therefore none feel
Its value ; for such prosper, as bow to shape
Their actions like the softened wax, and break
Their plastic spirits to each various mould
That serve the times, and like a mantle fold
And screw their bodies to the knave in state,
('Tis now the only way with the high and great
To obtain favour,) like him (22) who, blest by
fate,

Indulgent nature formed that motley mind
To every purpose ; and you will find
Him act to all religions, and profess
Feelings he hath read, but never felt
Their influence, for he hath knelt 630
To Mahmoud and Moses, if he could by it gain ;
For he hath every crime that men disdain,
Yet can conceal them, though both mind and
face

At once disgust, and doth heap disgrace
Upon their owner, whose thoughts and taste,
Though copied, are every thing but chaste ;

ence, his form and manners strangely are adapted.

(22) *ver.* 624. V*****k.

22 Verplanck

For he's a Proteus in his way, with hue
And diverse colourings, as the bright bow
That arches in the heaven, and only true 640
Unto himself;—the direful gale may blow,
Yet he rides it safely, and the press
Of winds escapes, without a single friend,
For he seeks none, except to serve an end;
For the sun of Fortune looks smiling down
Upon his way, and Fashion's gaudy crown
Is held above him; Fashion, folly's name
Of power, that among us hath its realm
And sway unchecked; at whose gilded helm
Luxury sits wreath'd with flowers to guide 550
The steps of vanity, who doth trembling hide
From the eye of Industry, and without shame
Treads in the steps of Dissipation. Behold,
His cheek is fading fast, and though not old,
Deep wrinkles sit upon his brow; his hand
Trembles like the aspen leaf, and his step
Is broken, as if his young and mortal sand
Was run; his glazed eye, as though he'd wept
It into darkness, was like a pale star
Ere it whitens into dawn, as though far 660
From their lids the balmy rest had fled
That sleep attends, and neither couch nor bed
For weeks received him on their breast,
No gentle slumber on his day thoughts prest
With feathery touch. And so it is—yon fane
That spreads its portals to the motley train

Of fop and beggar, fool and knave, who crowd
Its entrance, by the law allowed,
Yet by the law forbid, (23) his mind doth take
In slavery. Yes! there, the livelong time 670
When darkness rules, the daring sons of crime
Their revels keep, watching with anxious eye
The changing fortune of the unstable die
On which their existence rests. The castor's
ring
To them tells life or death; the spotted dice
Doth fix their study, and with open vice,
That skill they glory, which like the tiger's
spring,
Deadly and crushing, comes on those who
they allure
Within their poisonous haunts; the sharper poor

(23) *ver.* 668. Though we have numberless laws against gaming-houses and tippling shops, yet there is scarce a square or an alley that is not filled with them, under the cognizance of our rulers themselves, who, without they happen to interfere in any way with their convenience, take no notice of them, or, perhaps, assist them. It cannot but be allowed we have wise and excellent laws; but as to the administration, it is pretty certain there is a great deal wanting, and if a few of our men in power were to attend to the duties of their offices as much as they do to electioneering, it would without doubt, be much more honourable to themselves and of benefit to the city.

And starving, the half trained student, tries,
 With experienced hand, and his little wealth
 flies,
 Like sand before the wind ; the pittance of th'
 day,
 Yon tradesman brings, and that which should
 pay
 For bread at home, the loose gambling halls
 support ;
 Where, while his riches last, he's welcome to
 resort :

But when that fails, then let the victim rave ;
 Starvation is before him, and the grave—

* * * * * * * *

And modesty is fled ; yon beauty's dress
 Is of a cobweb lightness ; lo ! you may press
 It in a nutshell ; yet hear she loudly brags,
 Its cost ; though her poor children are in rags.
 What though her spouse hath broken, she
 must dash,

Come where it will ; her finery must flash
 Upon all rival eyes : she hath n^o veil
 To hide the blush ; her husband in a jail
 Perished for her debts ; yet see the matron swim
 In the loose dance, free and half clad, each limb
 Displayed, determining if again she wed
 A shadow sufficient for the nuptial bed.(24)

(24) *ver.* 699. Pity forbids a further ex-

XV.

* * * * *

posure of this female (though not to know her argues yourself unknown, most public reader,) yet the mania of ladies for dressing is growing daily to greater extremes. At one time, a full dress was such as to cover the fair wearer from almost the closest inspection, scarce showing the chin or ankle—now, a full dress is no dress at all. In the present times it is scarce to be wondered at that so many males continue on the batchelors' muster, for the robes of the ladies place them somewhat in the situation of the sweep, who was satisfied with the scent of the victuals from the door of the restorateur. Formerly, women had their hands full in talking of scandal, now, in mimicry of the stronger sex, whose whole mind is taken up in politics and eating; the ladies' whole conversation is on dress and literature, and the first thing on the lips of every affected prude, is an elaborate eulogy on the last new novel. In truth, you are a complete bore with the ladies if you have not attended G*****m's lectures—

“Where every fool

In second childhood, goes to school”

and learns to talk of hydraulics, ærostatics, pneumatics, optics, and katoptrics, and a thousand other things of equal utility. In short,

Discom

XVI.

I will no more !—

Fair city, the true word

That speaks thy faults—strikes but on the
stone

That hath the adders hearing ; the song un-
heard,

some of our fairest toasts have become entirely walking dictionaries, and the first inquiry on taking a wife is now, whether she is learned and accomplished, the latter of which means, the art of strumming a few fashionable tunes, on a piano, no matter if by note or not, and squalling one or two of P****p's airs, as they are called, whether with science or voice, it signifies little ; rather than if she is fit to preside at the head of a family, which would be now a much more awkward situation for ladies with their present education, than a scientific disputation with Dr. M*****ll. Now neither lady nor gentleman needs a knowledge of dancing, to trip to a fiddle ; grace is out of the question, and she that knows the figure of a minuet is a prodigy. Every idea of grace is gathered from a set of *emigre*, who either were valets or stage sweepers to some opera-house in their own land, and who here make ballet-dancers of their pupils, to the delight of the ignorant parents, while, not satisfied with their paying and playing for their own private benefits, these sons of the pigeon-wing have

1 Phillips

2 Mitchell

As the gray sages, who of old, before the throne
Of Israel spake of coming wreck, hath past
In silence forth ; no sound is left, twas a dream,
Fleeting as that delicious gentle blast,
That comes upon the dying ear in a soft stream
Of rude, yet melancholy music—no more
My bitter food of thoughts for nights and days
Shall have an utterance. Let venal lays
Praise up corruption, for mine is o'er.

the audacity to force them to dress as stage-players ; and at one of the late grand balls, as they have nicknamed these exhibitions, many of the children's dresses put modesty out of countenance, and was scarcely exceeded by the master's himself in absurdity.

DUAN SECOND.

But oh, we allow
Good works are good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobes ; but words none draws
Within the vast reach of the huge statue's
jaws. *Donne.*

1.

I SAID I would no more ; but there's gathered
A rush of past thoughts, and memory
Of days long buried doth thronging hie
Athwart my mind ; and I would say one word
Ere parting ; for if my rythm is dear
To virtue ; the law hath no single fear,
With all its host of arts ; to the same end
I'll work, as I began my bold career ;
For I've not made a foe, whom as a friend
I could wish to gain. 'Tis not the false blaze
Of tinsel grandeur, that on the rich the gaze
Of adulation brings, nor power that to force
Hath giv'n ruffian sway, and e'en stopt the
course
Of justice, that can awe me ; I will expose

The man that's rotten with crime and sin,
Though high his seat, though splendour round
him close

With gold dropt wings, unto the very sunlight
I will bring the foul baseness that within
His heart hath empire ; and vice, tho' borne
And propped by the voice of wealth, shall feel
th' scorn

It merits : for there are those who basely hold
No argument 'cept power, and to whom
gold

Is at once church and God ; yet to fame,
Infamous as they are, they look, and at shame
Recoil ; though guilt from villany cannot fright
Or save their souls, and while truth guides my
pen,

Fearless I'll brand the frontlet of those men
Who riot in their crimes, and laugh at the tame
And laggard thunder ; for there's that frame
Of mind, who, though in vileness they succeed,
Blush when the world tax them with the
deed. (1)

(1) *ver.* 31. In remarking on this Duan, which word by the by we have forgot to explain, it being the ancient title for the cantos of a digressive poem, and since the extinction of the order of bards, it has been a general name for all ancient compositions. If the reader be desirous of further informa-

II.

Thou soul of sanctity ! a pale hypocrite, (2)
 With hair shorter than thy eyebrows, of sin

tion, we refer him to the Cath-Loda, of Ossian, Lon. ed. 1805. The author deems it incumbent on him, to plainly state his design in writing this work, as it may be said by those whose *virtues* are herein commemorated, that the design was purely malevolence, and for the sake of wreaking private virulence ; for the guilty have a thousand ways of dissembling their anguish to the world, when wounded by the shaft of justice ; but he can firmly deny that aught of injustice mingled with his mind ; that he felt a hatred and a gall against the pure gentlemen, whom he has wrote of, he is proud of acknowledging ; but it alone arose from that indignation, and disgust for the characters, and scorn for the actions, by which they disgrace the name of man. He would have far rather that an older or abler pen had undertaken the task, and have crushed, where he only has bruised ; but if he has only opened the eyes of the public, for none dare object to the justness of his attacks, except the

(2) *ver.* 32. Our poet here, we fear, is rather too *strong* in his expression ; though nevertheless true ; but he should beware lest he *spring* a mine against himself, though he deals with rather a flat subject.

Thou dost not breathe ; thy very garments feel
Religion ; none see thy eye, except the white
As it rolls upwards with its owner's zeal.

friends of vice, I am satisfied ; I have very little doubt, but there will be great giggling, and many epithets of contempt from the lips and countenances of the "favoured few," whom I've spoken of in the course of these pages ; yet instead of being damp't by that, I shall be rejoiced ; for none more smarts beneath the stroke, which rankles in his breast, than he who by affected airs, strives for its concealment. It may likewise be said that I have let myself down, by mingling names of insignificance with those of greater crime ; but be assured, that to my thoughts, "a knave's a knave in every state," and I think the thief who is tried at the sessions, the only difference between them being his ill luck, fully entitled to the company of the rich rogue, who dashes in his coach through Broadway—I mean the *broad way* of sin, which heaven knows is broad enough : Our fashionable gentlemen, who visit only those who keep carriages, will, I fear think this levelling system incorrect, but

I fear no mood stamped in a private brow :
When I am pleased to unmask a public vice.
I fear no strumpet drugs or ruffians stabs
Were I disposed to say they're all corrupt ;
I pursue no favour,
Only vouchsafe me your attentions,
And I will give you music worth your ears.

Every Man out of his Humour.

Without, thou art all holiness, but within,
 Thou hast a conscience vaster than the water
 Of the sea ; and hast more crimes to reckon
 Than he whone'er raised pray'r or knelt at altar ;
 Thou cassocked beggar, who dost beckon
 Us unto the grace which thyself doth want,
 Thy malison, the sports of youth, doth daunt
 To bitter silence ; thou reverend son of lawn,
 Who construes scripture, but can scarcely form
 An English sentence, in plenty dost thou yawn
 That life away which was given for use
 Of honest labour, (3) and, 'stead of false words
 produce,

- * (3) *ver.* 47. The mania for preaching increases daily ; nor can it be surprising, since it is the easiest and laziest life a man can lead and besides, it wants neither study or piety, only *inspiration* which appears always to be at command. How disgraceful to mankind is it, to see so many fine, hearty, robust young men brought up in idleness, when we are daily in want of masons, carpenters and cobblers. We are not opposed to the ministry when they are in moderation ; but such crowds now follow the standard of religion merely for the sake of draining money from the pockets of male and female old women, who are fairly drunk with bigotry, and if a youth only can put on a long face, he is an angel in their thoughts, that it is disgusting to comment on. There, is double the number of priests in the country than of soldiers, and the pulpit has become a com

Bright virtue; but now, thou giv'st empty
pray'rs 50

For gold, for lucre is thy only care.

Come forth! thou hast in the garden trod
Reaping the fruitage, and, knelt unto God
When thou didst worship Mammon; thy smiles,
That are as pleasant as the sun, 'mid piles
Of summer clouds; thy demeanor, fair, and
meek,

And beautiful as the colors that do streak
And mingle in the rainbow, are only worn
To gull the bigot, and pave Fraud's easier path.
Smooth tongued viper! thou art the sting 60
That lurks within religion; thou heapest
wrath

On all that love not thy doctrine; the theme
Breathes pestilence and plague, and doth blas-
pheme

plete haven for the use of all parents that have more children than they can provide for. It is a question whether there is not more money given to these quacks of divinity, than would maintain all our poor and pay off the national debt. The stage has become the spectacle for exhibiting the feats of circus horses, rope dancers and jumpers; the church has become the rostrum for eloquence of the sons of Vulcan and Crispin; the first tired of hammering on the anvil, pound the bible—the second, having mended the soles of boots, now strive to cobble the souls of men.

Thy Maker's mercy ; (4) o'er thy creatnres
thou

Dost judge as though thou wast pure as snow
That crowned the mountains. Away ! away !

Thou gown'd sharper ! 'Tis alone for pay
He preaches, for, when the tedious sermon's
o'er,

Go see the poor man cast from out his door
Pitiless, and unrelieved, while on his shelf 70
His doctrine's laid—the priest is all for self :
Reforming saints, look that your own heart
be true,

Ere you Christianise the Indian, or convert the
Jew.

III.

Thou sprig of law, (5) deemest thou to set
secure ?

Or dost thou think thou art so very pure
No shaft can reach thee ? nay, stand forth : at
first—

Guilty ; of all bad lawyers thou'rt the worst :
Thou child of meanness, that hast perfection
gained

(4) *ver.* 64. It is a fact that our *pious* children of the gown mostly discourse with the deity, as if he were an equal acquaintance and gave the scales of justice into their hands.

(5) *ver.* 73. Turn to Note 5 *ver.* 255 of Duan first.

In roguery—that none before obtained ;
Thou prodigy, that doth without the help of
time, 80

At once the perfect knave and blockhead
join ;

Let others boast of sense, impudence will pass
For twice its worth with thee ; Corinthian
brass,

Of tenfold texture, plates thy countenance,
Through which no blush can make the least
advance.

“ Money can purchase honours,” the proverb’s
fit

To thee—a magistrate hath no need of wit,
So that he can write his name and lie with ease,
Or keep his place and take unlawful fees.

How often hast thou ’neath some vain pretence,
Robb’d plaintiff and defendant?—thy offence
Secured by office, for this rule hast got

That power can pursue, where the law must
stop.

Vain boaster ! whilst thou on politics hast fed
And flourished, Justice hath hung her head
And wept. For to serve thy private end
And screen thyself, thou’dst hang thy nearest
friend ;

Thou hast no conscience nor doth fear the eye
Of day ; thy word and heart are both a lye ;
Though thou dost walk ungibbeted, on thy
crown 100

There's a heap of guilt would weigh a mountain down.

IV.

Hide not in shade, thou son of medicine ! (6)
 But hear thy glory. Thou thing of pill
 And puff, that hath regularly been
 Bred at college, and learnt by form to kill ;
 Thou nondiscript in nature, which for a name,
 We may search all book and record in vain ;

(6) *ver.* 101. Our readers will remember a small touch at this hero of the pestle, in Note *ux* on the commentary ; but since writing that, we have obtained a hint or so, of this lancet's operations, and we cannot help devoting a few more lines to his honor, which, perhaps, he thinks already immortalized, since his name is to be found on one of the first pages of an *able* work, (as C*****n denominates it, because it agrees with his opinion of his favourite fever, and for that reason we believe the book has been a loss to the publisher, for the public are so convinced that this same fever with other causes, as related by the learned Phlogobombus, hath so completely destroyed all his brains, that not even scull-cap can confine his senses from wandering) penned by one T*****d, member of very many learned societies of which due notice is taken in his title page, so that people might be convinced he was a sensible man, though it must be con-

Bolem and

over and

Thou piece of fop'ry, of dulness and of whim,
 More fit to prattle at an old maid's feet
 Than heal the sick; thy look, so pert and trim,
 An ass might envy, though e'en he, will beat
 Thee in all knowledge; thou all of outward
 show, 110

What floods of vanity do take their flow
 Within thy breast, I would have in thy praise
 Spoken, but thou of thy merit doth so descant

fessed that it had very little weight with us, for we thought such parade of dignity but argued all outward though little inward show, and was a mere trap to catch gulls—a sea bird too often found on land. But we argue some little wisdom in T*****d's dedicating his book to F*****s, for it was improving the art of the bookseller, who, instead of binding his publication in the best of calf-skin, he inscribed it to an ass, whose brayings no doubt invited many purchasers. Ere we finish with this mild pulse-feeler, we must do ourselves the honour to congratulate him on the first specimen we have seen of his real and genuine taste; it is a bust in plaster of the little Galen himself, and so much like, that none can tell the difference from the original, even in the brains, though it will be acknowledged that the Æsculapius hath more of a copper cast in his countenance, which it would be very hard for the artist to imitate, though well paid.

1 Rowson
 2 Francis

That thou hast left me nothing ; thou dost
raise

Thy fame with thine own tongue, for thou
dost want

The voice of others, what though thou hast
grown

Notorious for writings none would own 119

Except thyself ; thou pompous nothing in *virtu*,

In taste, in criticism, none like you

Can discourse : for i' th' lib'ral arts thou canst
outdo

All rivals ; yet those are but the gew gaw of
pride,

No pomp or mask, a natural fool can hide.

V.

Thou tool of party ; (7) thou who dost pro-
phane,

And cloak the villain neath the patriot's name,

(7) *ver.* 125. Very honourable mention hath been made of this fellow in note *p* of the commentary ; but we have some room, and must talk a few words with him ere we bid him adieu, for we are somewhat in doubt, as it is said he lives upon his wits—now it is a wonder to us how he can live upon so poor a stock ; tho' it is true he has laboured with his brains for a long time for nothing, until dullness, whose assistance to her votaries is truly

A word with thee ! hast thou not e'en from
birth

Made thy existence a reproach to earth ?

Thou hireling, that doth value nought but gold
And would thy cause, thy honour sell for
wealth,

In bribery and corruption thou'rt bold,
For were the bidders found thou'd sold thyself:
Dupe to the minions o' th' hour, thou'st ta'en
their nod,

For law, and worshiped office as thy God ;

Truant to every tie, a mere pretence

Of virtue, there is not confidence,

In word or pledge of thine, for ne'er behind

Hast thou remained, when vice led the way :

Lackey to power—littleness in thy mind

maternal, suggested him to use for satire un-
meaning ribaldry ; yet it is surely strange, that
this outrageous mercenary, who truly hath
Lavater's well-described *physiognomie d'un
mouton qui reve*, should start into a *ne plus
ultra* of ingenuity, and overrun the press with
linsey-woolsey paragraphs, displaying such a
vacancy of thought and acuteness of nonsense,
that in his own and fellow blockhead's con-
ceit, the still-born lumps of insipidity have
been taken for talent ; however the law hath at
last got hold of him, though he never had
mind enough to get hold of the law, for he has
always failed to get a station at the bar, which
the meanest pettifogger obtained, and that he

Is sovereign, thou dost all for pay ;
 But still thou hast all that humble insolence,
 Which *modest* impudence can ne'er dispense,
 And thou can'st drawl out morals with a grace
 That vies with virtue, were they not out of
 place

From lips that mean them not ; thou wouldst
 all betray

Thy purpose to succeed; ere thou dost display
 Thy puny sword 'gainst vice, for fear o' danger
 Thou breakst its point, for thou art a stranger
 To all worth ; and though thou talk'st loud,
 Thinking to gain high favour with the crowd,

failed where W****s succeeded, argues a degree of stupidity scarcely credible; but as he hath at last found his way, we hope his first study in commencing his profession will be to look over the statute on thieving—then we may find Shaw's Travels, and a few other of *his* (truly his, as he makes great use of them) favourite authors remain in safety from the hands of the spoiler. It is told us, he says that it is untrue *all* his pieces were hissed at the theatre; if they were not, it was, we can assure him, because the audience could not hiss and gape at the same time. He boasted much of his having received for his dramatic writings a pair of silver pitchers, but we are rightly informed that the managers think the price too great, and now repent, as thick-heads frequently do, that they were not of N**h's kindred metal, *lead*.

2 Prose

Thy character and plans we all do know,
And each word doth but thy roguery show.

VI.

Thou shalt not escape, daring infidel, (8)
Who from the gibbet scarcely clear dost tell,

(8) *ver.* 153. H*****n is here meant, a man whose writings and character we have slightly mentioned before in notes *o* and *v* of the Commentary. In speaking of him, we have only to ask the world, what principle can that creature possess, who runs down the country that gave him birth, and the religion of his ancestors? the first may with ease be accounted for—the Newgate halter hath scarcely left his neck; the second can find no excuse, but by an inward depravity of heart, which should belong to a demon; for though we honour a man who is candid enough, in spite of the errors of education, to obey the dictates of reason in choosing his worship, yet he who mocks, however faulty, the faith he hath quitted, should be held a second Cain, hated and despised. For this few months past since we commenced, the hangman's office hath changed incumbents, and it certainly is a wonder that this chap has so long escaped his merited reward. However, profligates who seek his company can know no greater punishment than the acquaintance of a man whose support is infamy, and whose touch is poison.

Houston

Unto the world thy dark apostacy;
Pointing thy pen 'gainst the faith borne
By thy fathers, what wretch more vile can be
Than thou art, who dost basely strive to scorn
All creed of virtue; a defamer too,
Of the land whose bosom gave thee birth—
Where on the surface of the far stretched earth,
Dwells thy comparison in guilt? thou dost outdo
All fabled villains in thy wickedness.
Thou witless wight that hast the form of hu-
man kind
But wants one attribute of man—a manly mind;
Thou hast a heart that honor never braced,
A head of stone, where sense doth run to waste,
A judge of talent thou dost thyself profess,
Though not one spark of talent ever graced
Thy mind; 'mongst critics thyself thou'st placed,
Though wanting judgment, and free from
taste:
So great a knave art thou, so perfect true,
The world hath not a rogue to rival you;
Half hanged thou art—though thou dost es-
cape
The rope thou'rt not less deserving; thou'st
beat
And baffled justice, but thy visage none mis-
take,
If thou art honest—thou'rt a devilish cheat.

VII.

Nor must thou be forgot, vot'ry of chance ! (9)
Who on the four aces stakes thy soul,
The knave thy des'prate fortune doth most
 advance,
And gives to thee his character ; the whole
Of thy fair wealth, thy all shouldst madly set
Thy name, was it worth aught, upon a bet ;
Thy very hope of hereafter thou'dst try,
Placing thy existence on a single die.
Thou traitor to all truth, expert in rules
That sharpers boast in cheating gaming fools ;
Wanting the wit to be an honest man,
Falsehood e'en like a mantle doth thee clothe
In villainy, thy restless thoughts still plan
New crimes, to perfect which, thy broken oath
Is but a trifle : simular of lust !
Whom base passions to enjoyment fires,
Which disease forbids, thy loose desires
Thy lifeless nerves can't execute ! the first
Thou art in all bad deeds, in virtue tame—
Enough—the dotard is beyond all shame.

(9) *ver.* 177. We have some pity and respect for age, though the character here meant hath none for himself—therefore, as he knows the text is true, let him own it not—'twere madness in him to betray his fame—before we expose him.

VIII.

Nor shalt thou fly the scourge that doth belong
To deeds of folly, ye mean and smaller throng
Of servile kind : though here thou art of a line
Unworthy ; yes, too base all acts of thine,
Thou lead faced Merry Andrew, one thought
To have, thy paltry cunning alone hath brought
Thee from the dirt ; silken creature, whose
tongue,
When from thy mind no idea hath ever sprung,
Goes like a time-piece ; whose moist brain
doth string
Thoughts like beads, but which are every thing
But sense—thou half formed piece of trick !
Thy praise is censure, and thou dost to him
bring
Glory, whom thou condemnest ; no lead can
sound,
Or find the bottom of that vast profound
Thy brain—thou chattering owl, who maketh
sick
All that list thee ; thou unlettered cheat,
Sans wit, *sans* brain, *sans* every thing, except
conceit ;
In point thou'rt dull, obscurity thy text,
When most thou'd strive for plainness thou
dost perplex
Thy reader, and yet the man's so simply mild,

His writings are loved by every little child,
For children love what most they comprehend;
Go on, thou ass in nature, strive to bend 221
Thy meagre mind to wit--still mouth thy bone,
Pitiful cur, thy face is bronze, thy head a *stone*.

IX.

Nor must thou stay in silence, friend of
shame, (10)
Who maketh vice and virtue differ but in
name;
Half crazed jesuit, insolent of soul,
Whose base mind naught but well fed bribes
control;
Threadbare jester, who by loose start or fit,
Brings forth something fools mistake for wit—
Stiff in opinions, as blockheads always are,
He writes without sense, for o' sense he's bare;
The scowling foe to feeling, or at least, 232
The only feeling he can boast is interest;
All saint, all politeness, all debauchee,
The fawning reptile of hypocrisy!
At turns he acts—for not a manly thought
he'll own,

(10) *ver.* 224. We advise this yellow-fever
divinity that he write for his name Tom
Fool, for it will do as well as C*****n, being
much shorter and more comprehensive.

Solomon

Than not to hurt the honour of a foe, he'll
blast his own.

He shifts his sail to suit all winds that pass,
And shows his folly *gratis* like the fabled ass;
Afraid of a bold course, each timid doubt,
Detects his frauds, and points the juggler out.
Gray bearded child, fit alone to frisk about,
And be the oracle of blue stockings at a rout 244
Or concert, thou man in form, but of woman's
heart,

(I'll waste not ink on such a thing,) thou art
By none except thy creatures prized,
By all who know thee, thou dost live despised.

X.

Yes! such are the men who with impotence
Unmatched on record, presume to rule 250
Our taste, and hold themselves equal to dispense
Authority; nor is it strange a fool
Is now admired, for there's none bold to pursue
And strip his pride, and pierce his great-
ness through;
Science and morals wither, left to depend
On men, with bad heads and worse hearts; all
bend
Their lives to gather gold, as if for that a place
If the world had been given to man by him who
first

Created all.—Their word get fortune without
disgrace,

If not, villainy is righteous in the cause,
For knavery now need not fear the laws ; 360
The whole land's devoured by one fearful lust
For lucre, and to quench the sordid thirst,
Honesty's a reed which doth hourly bend
To suit each purpose ; 'twould seem there
were no friend

To man, 'cept wealth, which from all storms
doth screen,

And when blest with that, they care not to be
mean :

In this all are alike, and riches are

The only passport to gentility ; 269

And even learning her laurel doth agree

To sell, a calf, (be he golden,) now may wear

The college medal ; and doubtless, Æsop's
ass, (11)

Would, if rich, before his master pass.

(11) *ver.* 284. There need no doubt about this line of the text, it is reduced to a certainty—a *fellow feeling* would operate on most of the professors in granting the degree, particularly M*c V****r and M***e, the ourang outang, or man-monkey. 2

1. Norvickan

2. Moore

XI.

So it is : and 'twere vain to speak, while secure
Yon child of fraud still revels, (12) nor thinks
on the poor

His bankruptcy has robb'd. In ease and
health

He chuckles, as he counts his well-sav'd wealth;
Proud of the sagacity which did save

His forfeit neck from hanging—Fortunate
knave !

How many envy thy successful arts, 280
And for thy cunning head would change their
rotten hearts !

Thy life has been deceit—thou dastard elf,
Hadst thou none to cheat, thou wouldst cheat
thyself :

Yet what avail my verse—yon man o'ginger-
bread, (13)

(12) *ver.* 276. This character is too well known to soil the purity of the paper with his name.

(13) *ver.* 284. This applies to sweet master G*****r, who hath already had the honour to be wrote of in this work several times, particularly in note *tt* of the Commentary. He is one of those things which, as men are like worms, hath from a caterpillar changed into a butterfly ; he hath sprung up like the

Whose heels are feathers, but whose brains are
lead,

Will take no profit by them? no—his dress,
His phiz, his own sweet self and politesse,
Take up his time—Essenced monkey! fit
Alone, at second hand, to deal out wit
That thou hast heard from others; just enough
o' sense 290

To show thy teeth and laugh, and wonder
whence

Thy talents came; yet, trained, from infancy,
To boyish mischief, a blockhead rogue we see
Ready to rob his brother of a straw;
Silent at the bar, but in the assembly, more
He speaks than his hearers comprehend;
Dull 'mong the dull, yet of his merit proud,
The very jest and laughter of the scorning
crowd:

Pert trim conceit! whose eye the minds stu-
por caught,

Doth not seem guilty even of a thought;
But one plain expression is seen in 300

Thy face, 'tis a plenteous want of meaning;
But other subjects call me, and I must end
With such an insect, who, if he takes in hand
His own character, hath not sense to understand.

gourd, which as he wants substance as that
plant, he will wither, for as to making him a
man, you might as well strive to give sense to
N**h, and modesty to S***e. 2

1 Noah

2 Stone

XII.

Nor do the arts find now encouragement,
 The graphic spirit holds not seige(14) or place
 Of resting in these times ; for more is spent
 On tawdry gauds within one hours space
 Of folly and of fashion, than would enthrone
 The scepter'd enchantress on her gem'd car, 310
 And prop her temple : yes, now, more rich
 and far

Is prized some foreign dancers attitude,
 In which obscenity hath blent his rude
 Yet licensed boldness, than the art which alone
 Made the Italian (15) immortal. Fair power !
 Whose glow, caught from heaven, doth nobly
 shower

Glory on nature whose brightest beauties live
 On the eye, with all the bright reality
 That creation wore when first it lay, 320
 Blossoming and blooming 'neath the breathing
 sky
 Of paradise, ere earth flowers felt decay,

(14) *ver.* 208. Seige—seat—

“I fetch my life and being,
 From men of royal seige.—*Othello*.

Vide Steven's comment on the word.

(15) *ver.* 317. Raphael D'Urbino.

Or crime had dropt on man its raven wing.
Seraph ! I dare not essay thy praise : worship-
ped

Thou hast been : within thy charmed ring
A magic sceptre sways us, as though outspread
Some veil o'ercanopied our feelings, which
spring

At thy voice, for at thy pencil's touch there
Comes a life unto the canvass, and the bare
Void takes the living hue and colouring 330
Of golden moonlight, or of circling sea,
Reflecting lovely from its dark-blue deep
Brown mount, and crimson cloud, and budding
tree.

Like music on the wing of night thy powers
creep

Upon the lovers sight, when equal to his love
He gazes upon thy copied charms, and doth see
The luxuriant curls of gold that fall
About her forehead's snow white ivory,
Like foliage o'er marble, and the cheeks, the
dove

In whiteness outvieing, and those red lips 340
Like buds which burst in summer, from which
sips

The bee his honey, all—expressed all ;
Even to the soul, that, in her dark eyes swim
That soul which breathed for heaven and him.

Then painting doth thy triumph mingle with
 his sigh,
 The star that lights thy diadem's the tear-drop
 of his eye. (16)

XIII.

Not such the art you boast, brainless wight,
 Whom reigning folly hath raised up in spite
 Of thy unworthiness. Fortune, hath given
 fame,
 On which thy works are ever sending shame :
 Vain dauber ! thy pencil, in anothers hand,
 Would scarcely gain him footing in the land
 To seek his bread, and thou hast madly run,
 Touch'd with the monstrous frenzy of sublime,
 Which idiot pride had whispered was the line
 For you to flourish in, though thou wast bid
 to shun
 That which was above thy nature, which for
 the sign
 Or landscape that swings upon the post
 Of tavern door, to paint designed thee.
 Thou foolish botcher, why shouldst thou ex-
 pose

(16) *ver.* 352.—

Ζωχρε φώνειν τε ΦΘΕΓΓΟΜΕΝΗΝ ΤΗΝ
 Παιήσιν, παιήσιν δὲ ΣΙΓΩΣΑΝ ΤΗΝ Ζωρεφικὴν.
Simonides.

Thy lack of brain in trying to compose? 360
 Thou only wast intended, at the most,
 To copy that which other painters drew ;
 For in thy icy soul there's no affinity
 To talent, disgrace thou has only threw
 Upon thy stale attempts, and thy 'battles' stand
 The very murders of a dauber's hand.
 Thou child of scripture, whose figures holy
 breathe
 Of nothing in heaven above or earth beneath;
 Thy heads are wood, so very like thy own, 370
 That by his canvass is the painter known;
 Thy bodies and thy faces alike so very flat,
 You scarce can tell a hero from his hat ;
 Yet from thy own lips thou'st sent thy praises
 round,
 Which from emptiness, like the drum, hath
 sound ;
 Still of plans and avarice thou'rt so very full,
 We scarce can judge if thy work or self's the
 greatest *bull*. (17)

(17) *ver.* 381. The works of this artist,
 T*****ll have been mentioned in note *d* of
 commentary. They have, however, but two
 faults, the plan and execution, and we sincerely
 advise him to treat them as culprits, and
 send them *all* to the house of correction.

, *Lumbull*

XIV.

Nor is thy Theban head, thou coarse buffoon,
Endowed with much more brightness
In its kind, yet to him thou'rt as the moon,
Round and full, unto a cloud of darkness
That floats in its path, yet thy lack of mind
Is too plain, thou living libel of mankind,
Thou hast more spots than's on the leopard's
skin,

The silly laugh of fools thoudst rather win
Than all the brilliant glories which the arts
Give to its votaries; thou hast mi stook thy parts,
Vain ass, wanting both mind and spirit,
Like every blockhead thou'st thought thou'd
merit :

When nature formed thee nor will you blush
to know,

For modesty to thee is strange, the keeper o'
a show

Thyself the Charletan ; for thy coarse face
Might please ignorance with its grimace ;
Thou wretched being, whom man I cannot
call,

Thou'd rather be known a fool, than not at all ;
Were I the meanness of thy mortal race
To recount, no paper's widened space
Would hold it, for with coxcomb talents curst,
Of every fool, a bad painter's always worst.

Yet take advice, study nature if you can,
 Reform your morals, be an honest man ;
 Follow not the dictates of your head,
 Which reflects upon your canvass only lead ;
 Then through the world with honour you may
 pass,
 And be known by virtue, as you're now by
 brass. (18)

XVI.

Few flowers o' late, (19) fair art, hath sprung
 To deck thy laurel, for thou hast hung
 Drooping o'er the grave, where, in life's bloom,
 Thy favourite lies, his promise in the gloom
 And darkness of the sepulchre hath rest ;
 Like roses which, untimely pluck'd, on the
 breast

(18) *ver.* 409. This queer gig is more particularly noticed in note *ee* of Commentary.

(19) *ver.* 410. Our present standard painters are of the most wretched cast, our exhibitions are disgraceful to the city, and the only way to account for such a paucity of talent in a country which hath produced a West and a Stewart, is by the little encouragement given, and the folly of having a granny at the head of the institution. Among our rising artists there are some promising men, and we beg leave to mention with favour our admiration for the heads of Parisen in portrait, and Rogers in miniature.

Of some cold beauty perish. Alas, Malbone ! (20)

Like purple rainbow, that across the sea
Bursted from scattering wrack and cloud,
Or spirit of the dead, that from mortality
Late disenthralled, shook off the shroud
And cleavings o' th' earth, to us you came ;
And like an eagle's was your flight to fame,
Who builds his eyre in the mountain cone.
But thou hast past away : in thy prime thou'rt
gone

Unto the tomb ! a day, a little day 420
Thou'st shone, and now, thou dost darkly lay
In night and silence, but young memory
Shall burst the stillness that encircles thee—
A voice, like music, from thy work shall creep
Unto the world—a nation for thy loss doth
weep.

(20) *ver.* 416. Edward G. Malbone, a young miniature painter of extraordinary talents, but who unfortunately died in the prime of life and glory. His painting of the 'Hour' perhaps has never been exceeded, and but rarely equalled by any miniature painter in Europe or America.

XVII.

But I am emptied of all hatred now,
E'en against wretches as I have dealt with here,
Still on their path they may securely go ;
Though if I have only stung them, it will cheer
My labours—for now my humour's past, 430
Like a dying fire, it doth scarcely last
Against them ; for some there are so very mean
That their insignificance doth screen
Them from all satire, and I have made me low
By pointing the pen on such a pigmy foe :
Still may yon adventurer, as he goes,
Measure in pages forth his tinkling prose,
Or verse run mad ; still frugally dispense
His poetry, whose only want is—sense ;
Still may the namby-pamby creep 440
Propitious to the heavy wand of sleep, (21)
Nor feel my scorn ; nor wish for brains

(21) *ver.* 446. The first fifty lines of Dan
C***r's epic, "The Car of Liberty," are de-
voted to a most somniferous description of
Neptune and all his court, both "great and
little fishes," a sleeping ; and so well has this
ingenious author described the fabled power
of the god Somnus, that we had scarcely read
ten lines before we resigned ourselves with
pleasure to his arms.

1. Carter

Thou bloated impudence ; still turn thy pains
 To letters, nature unknown, and art forgot,
 Without a character, a form, or plot,
 New loads of words thou mayst together lay,
 And swear, though damned, it is a play—
 Yet I'll disturb thee not ; still may you view
 In grasp, the gold you eagerly pursue,
 Add new crimes the old ones to complete, 450
 For, brainless rogue, there can be no greater
 cheat
 Than thou art already ; (23) thou mayst vain-
 ly raise,
 Fat empiric, (24) new trophies to thy praise ;
 Go on in folly, till thy rage is spun,
 I care not for thee. Now my task is done. (25)

(22) *ver.* 452. With this title that pertinacious scribbler N**h christens the insipid garbage with which he satiates the public yearly, and when rejected by the audience he prints, for the sake of an impertinent preface, which not only exposes his head, but leaves us in doubt of his heart.

(23) *ver.* 458. *Vide* Note 13, *ver.* 395 of Duan First.

(24) *ver.* 495. There are several very heavy physicians who claim the honour of this title.

(25) *ver.* 461. In ending, I must demand credit of the critic, for usually that is all his

Noah

knowledge ; for as I am conscious that no impropriety hath disgraced my pen throughout this work, I neither fear praise nor dispraise—the first doth not cheer me, except from honest lips, and the latter doth not wound. To the reader we are thankful, if he hath followed us with pleasure ; to those who purchase our work we are particularly grateful, as the more it is disseminated, the deeper is the blow of virtue in prostrating immorality ; yet we hope to offend none, when we bid adieu, in the words and advice of Jonson, whose couplet we feel applicable to our subject :—

“Pray thee take care, that tak'st my book in
hand,
To read it well—that is, to understand.”

THE END.

AN AFTER THOUGHT.

In looking over the sheets of this work ere they depart for the binder's, I perceive that owing to the haste with which they have past through the press, a number of errors have crept in them: the most particular are:

COMMENTARY.

Line 8 from beginning of page xxv. note k, for 'born' read 'bow'—though any one can see this mistake, for it is well known S*****'s legs resemble a half-moon, as well as his brains, which are truly 'half horn.'

Line 28, p. xxii. belongs to note g, which note continues on p. xxxiii. note f, reading on, "learned gentleman," &c.

In the last line of quotation from Hudibras, note vv, p. xliv. for 'rope' read 'trope.'

POEM.

Page 18 note 3, line 27, for C*****g' read 'C*****y.'

23 note 6, line 10, omit the word 'it.'

26 note 7, line 14, for '(C****l)' read 'C*****s.'

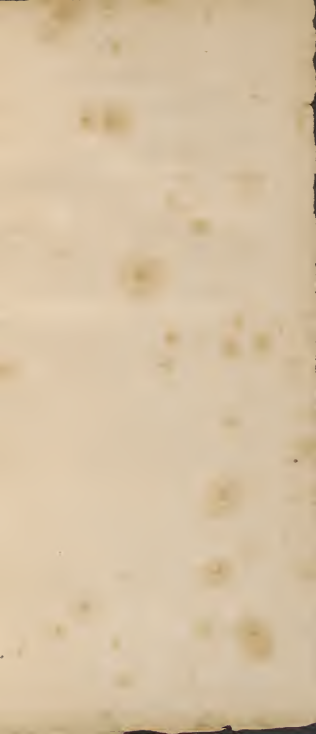
41 stan. x, line 1, for 'his' read 'the.'

46 stan. xiii, line 2, for 'misery' read 'mimicry.'

62 stan. i. line 12, for 'there's' read 'they're's.'

The typographical blunders, pointing, letters, &c. must lay at the mercy of the reader—who, if he is not like that ferocious hero the young Patriot Gardner, mentioned in note g, Com., who rendered such incalculable services in the late war, being always the last man in battle and the first out, also in front of his men universally in a retreat—yet he is mostly known by ambushing behind a barn, or in a ravine, and taking "special care to keep out of danger;" for though of invulnerable front, he has never been known to be in the range of gun shot*—yes, truly, reader, if thou possesseth as much vanity, and as little courage, sense or talent, as this fopling, we fear thou hast not wit enough to grant us mercy.

* Vide Gardner's trial for cowardice.







BULLETIN.

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